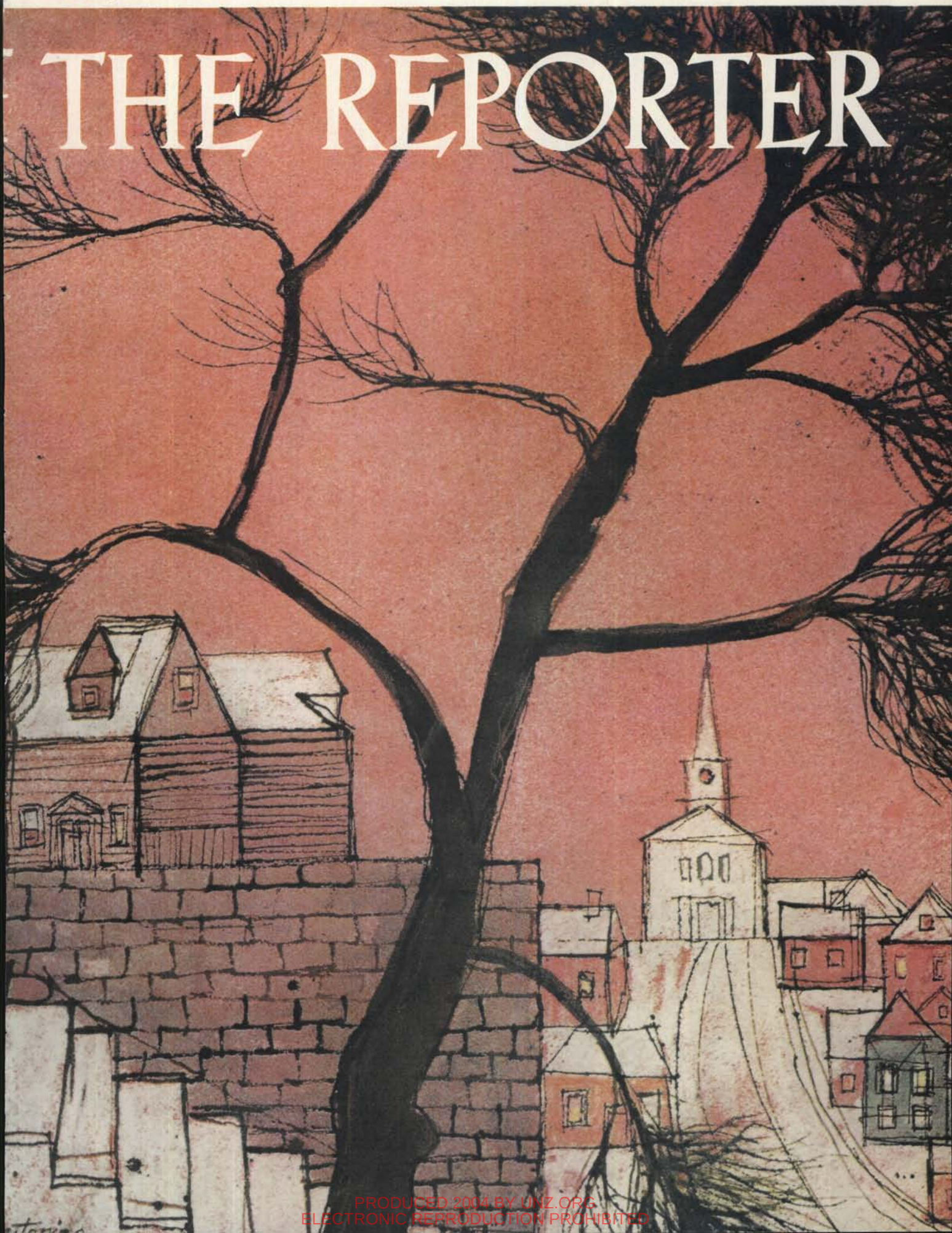
The West Against Itself

DOC February 28, 1963 35¢

WHITHER THE REPUBLICANS?

THE REPORTER



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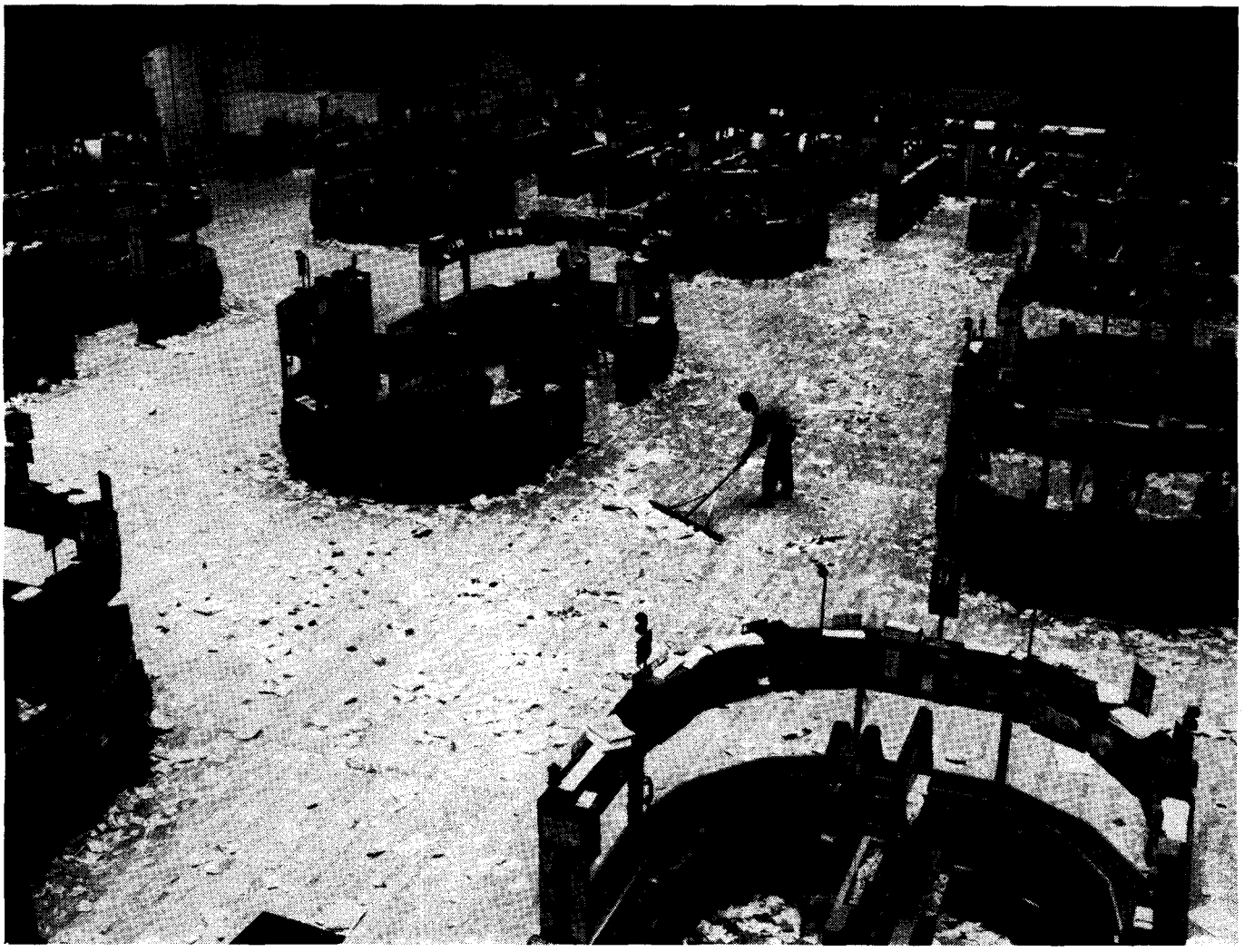

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The objective of the Exchange is to maintain high standards of honor and integrity among members and to promote just and equitable principles of trade. This is why we are aware of the importance of keeping the Exchange market efficient, orderly, dependable and fair.

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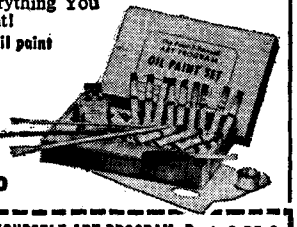

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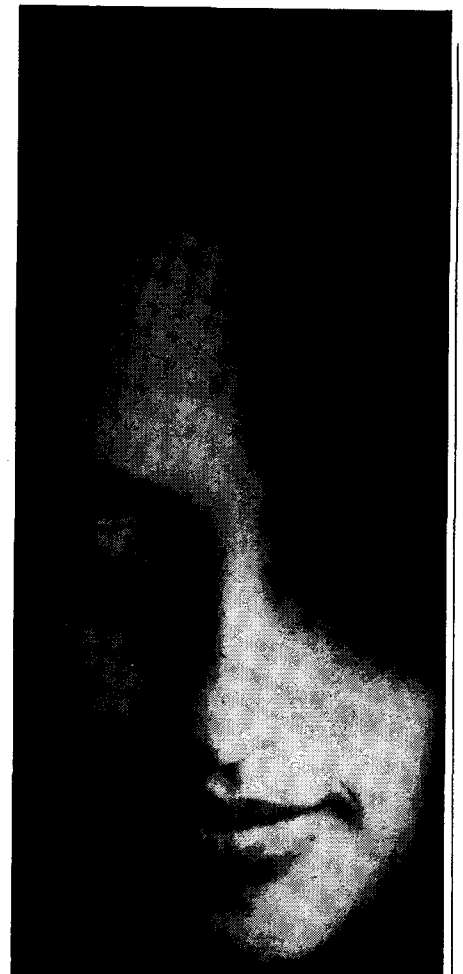

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THE REPORTER, February 28, 1963, Volume 28, No. 5. Second-class postage paid at New York, New York, and at Dayton, Ohio. Published every other Thursday except for omission of two summer issues by The Reporter Magazine Company, 660 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. © 1963 by The Reporter Magazine Company All rights reserved under Pan-American Copyright Convention. Subscription prices, United States and U. S. Possessions: One year $7, Two years $11, Three years $14. Additional postage for Canada and Pan-American Union, $.50 per year; all other countries, $1.00 per year. Please give four weeks' notice when changing address giving old and new address. **Send notice of undelivered copies on Form 3579 to: The Reporter, McCall St., Dayton 1, Ohio.** Indexed in *Reader's Guide to Periodical Literature* and *Public Affairs Information Service.*

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Premiere in Flatbush

The place to sit on an opening night at the Metropolitan Opera is a Parterre Box just above the main floor, or the Grand Tier one level higher still, or Bickford's Cafeteria, across the street on Seventh Avenue. (At Bickford's, 50 to 80 chauffeurs cluster over English muffins and coffee

cups until their employers decamp from the Grand Tier and the Parterre Boxes.)

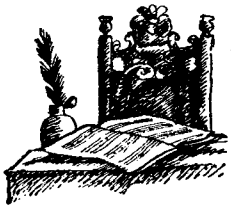
The chauffeurs know their opera and their composers. They detest Richard Wagner. "Those Germans go on all night." They love Puccini. "He always lets out by 10:30." And they never see either.

A Democratic Treat

But the Sunday afternoon of March 3 will make history, for this time, the chauffeurs, like the chic and millions of other Americans, will see the grandest of curtain raisers: the world premiere of an opera.

The opera's name is "Labyrinth". The composer who can command such attention could only be, of course, Gian Carlo Menotti. And, we are proud to say, NBC-TV is the one impresario who could bring this premiere to the entire nation. NBC, whose creative initiative has made these operas possible, will broadcast this historic moment in music from its color television studio, located on Avenue M and East 14th Street in Flatbush, Brooklyn.

"Labyrinth" will be the 57th opera to be presented by NBC over 12 seasons—all of them staged especially for television and presented in English—in a live American idiom for millions to enjoy.



NBC commissioned Menotti to write the music and libretto; Samuel Chotzinoff, Kirk Browning and the NBC Opera Company have produced it. A gifted team. They produced television's first original opera, Menotti's "Amahl and the Night Visitors," on Christmas Eve, 1951.

To viewers who have seen "Amahl" (shown every Christmas Eve since) or his second opera for NBC-TV, "Maria Golovin" (1959), Menotti may not sound like himself even in his own outline of a scene from "Labyrinth":

"Tea with the Astronaut (Encounter with the Future). Inside the Astronaut's missile. As the bride and groom enter

the missile to take tea with the Astronaut, gravity is lost. Everything floats in the air. The performers, tea set, sugar, tea, and cream."

Yet within the new dimension—opera's first adventure in photographic surrealism—Menotti's melodic line holds true. His sense of theater remains sharply honed. And his passion for life triumphs in this symbolic drama of the living seeking in death the meaning of existence.

Also passionate about his work, Menotti insists on participating in every area of his opera's staging, and NBC would have it no other way. For one thing, the man has proved his point too many times. In 1950 he all but chased backers away from his opera "The Consul" by raising his forefinger like a small craft warning and saying: "My opera is vaaaaary gloooooomy." "The Consul" shattered all precedents—and all cassandras—by running for eight months on Broadway (imagine, an opera on Broadway!).

"Surreal" Treat

Gloomy or exultant, Menotti strips away the red plush and high-choke collars and brings life—and the twentieth century—into opera in America.

We expect Menotti's opera to be an extraordinary hour not only for this opera season, but in the history of American music. And this time every music lover, every drama lover — not to mention every muffin-cloyed, coffee-sated chauffeur—can have the best seat in the house.

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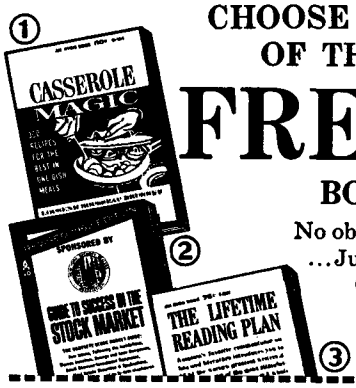

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

NASSAU, Brussels, Ottawa—to some these are the names of battles, battles fought between friends, battles in which both sides can only lose. In many ways the western alliance has never been in such a sad state of disarray. To be sure, if the alliance of the nations that aspire to govern themselves by democratic institutions is to manage its own vast affairs democratically, they must both expect and tolerate dissent. But free and orderly debate is not the same thing as a Saturday-night brawl. In his editorial, **Max Ascoli** analyzes some of the basic disagreements among the western allies—and calls for an end of this self-destructive brawling.

Will there be reprisals against President de Gaulle now that he has blackballed Britain's application for membership in the Common Market club? **Richard Grenier,** who writes for the *Financial Times* of London in Paris, reports that although there are bound to be a number of difficulties ahead—and would have been no matter what happened at Brussels – the European Economic Community is already far too mature for any such childish behavior. . . . It was to be Konrad Adenauer's greatest—and perhaps final—triumph: France and Germany united in the closest bonds of friendship would lead all of Europe to a new and most hopeful state of concord. But according to **Daniel Schorr,** the settlement of an old antagonism has already been overshadowed by new antagonisms. Mr. Schorr is the Bonn correspondent of CBS News. . . . The power of the pen has scarcely ever been more dramatically demonstrated than when a few words from Washington brought down a government in Canada. **William H. Hessler** of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* describes the effects of the verbal barrage fired across our unguarded border to the north.

THE DILEMMAS of the Republican Party are great. In fact, it sometimes seems in danger of running to seed these days. **Rowland Evans, Jr.,** who is with the Washington bureau of the New York *Herald Tribune,* discusses the attempt of younger Republicans in Congress to give the party a new "image.". . . **Ritchie Calder** has recently completed a tour of Asian countries to evaluate the World Development Decade. His conclusions are that it is at least as important to improve the lot of individuals in these countries as to provide them with massive industrial plants that may have little effect on their immediate needs. Mr. Calder is professor of international relations at the University of Edinburgh. . . . **John K. Cooley,** who reports from North Africa for the *Christian Science Monitor,* writes about the problems of Premier Ahmed Ben Bella of Algeria.

ONE CAN LEARN to be brave but it is a very great advantage to be brave at an early age, for then it is possible to hold on to the habit right up to the end. **Alma Stone,** who is a library assistant at Sarah Lawrence College, is the author of two novels, *The Harvard Tree* (Houghton, Mifflin) and *The Bible Salesman* (Doubleday). . . . Before her death in 1960, **Dilys Laing** published several volumes of poetry. Her poem "The Freshman" appeared in our issue of October 11, 1962. . . . **Nat Hentoff** regularly contributes his evaluations of new jazz records.... **Rufus W. Mathewson, Jr.,** reviews an anthology of Soviet writing. He is an associate professor of Slavic languages at Columbia University. . . . The Russians now say that the "authorized version" of *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich* is no longer "authorized." But, as **W. H. Auden** points out, the current quarrel about texts (Dutton's or Praeger's) is largely irrelevant to the value of the book, which is great. Mr. Auden's latest book is *The Dyer's Hand* (Random House). . . . J. B. Priestley's struggle with success is the subject of **Sarel Eimerl's** review of the English author's latest book. Mr. Eimerl, who lives in New York, was born in England.

Our cover for this issue is by **Gregorio Prestopino.**

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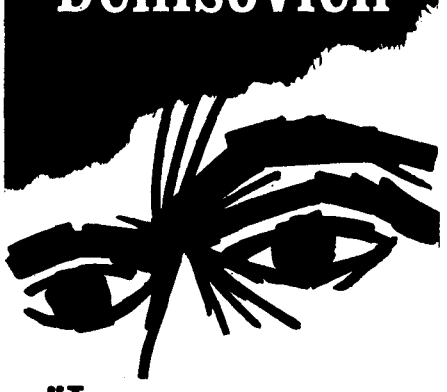
ALEXANDER SOLZHENITSYN'S

ONE DAY in the life of Ivan Denisovich



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CORRESPONDENCE

De GAULLE

To the Editor: Charles de Gaulle is certainly, as you say in your editorial of January 31, an "uncomfortable, stubborn, self-centered man, sometimes incredibly wrong." So how can you glorify the stubborn minority of de Gaulle at a time when the West, sans this decisive force, could easily capitalize on Communist internal disunity? In the present context, can the West really afford to have a "No" man? What the western powers need is not someone to test their actions but a unity that will apply their decisions.

DAVID BUEHLER
Springfield, Ohio

To the Editor: Your remarks about General de Gaulle as "the 'No' man of the community" were certainly well-timed. Since you wrote that, he has emerged more than ever as the leader of the loyal opposition in the new democratic institution we are pleased to call the Western Alliance. While, as an American, I must say I am somewhat annoyed by the anti-American bias of the general's position, I do share your hope that the toleration of dissent in a healthy debate will "bring about a stronger, more cohesive community." After all, do we believe in democracy or don't we?

A. E. GRIMES
Miami, Florida

THE EIGHTY-EIGHTH

To the Editor: Robert D. Novak is a fine and able reporter and you are to be complimented for carrying his story ("The Eighty-Eighth: Will It Be Called a Do-Nothing Congress?," *The Reporter*, January 31).

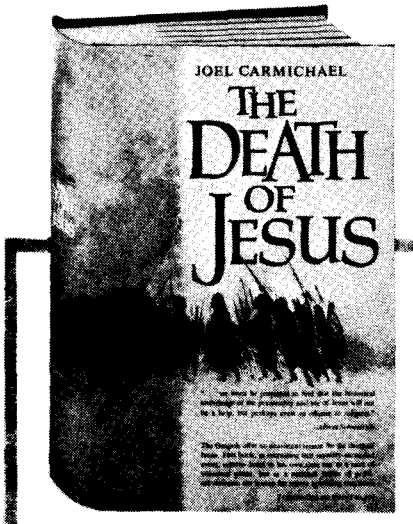
It does, however, suggest that we have a lot to do around here.

HUBERT H. HUMPHREY
U.S. Senate
Washington, D.C.

A RAILROAD MAN'S DISSENT

To the Editor: Mr. A. H. Raskin's latest effort in your pages ("The Government's Role When Bargaining Breaks Down," *The Reporter*, January 31) is most indulgent. He is opposed to "crisis" legislation and in favor of a concerned and informed public. There are, however, certain repeated epithets in his article—"featherbedding" and "archaic work rules," for example—that seem to be categorical moral indictments.

I have been around the smoky end of a railroad for about twenty years. In my experience, the situation is too complex and critical to permit the use of clichés and catchwords by anyone. Whether or not certain employees are superfluous and certain work rules are outdated cannot be decided by columnists, pollsters, or P.R. men. The questions will not be resolved by ab-



Did the Romans kill a messiah or an insurrectionist?

Newsweek characterizes *The Death of Jesus* as a "piece of historical detection pursued with relentless logic."

Author Pierre van Paassen calls it "Not only a fascinating work, but one of breathtaking interest *for our time*."

Critic Alfred Kazin hails it as "intensely conceived and boldly written . . . an exciting and brilliant conception . . . . deserves a wide reading."

Scholar Sidney B. Hoenig, Yeshiva University, praises it as "well done . . . founded on well-balanced, careful historic probing and research."

In *The Death of Jesus,* linguist and translator Joel Carmichael probes the conflicting Gospel accounts for the historical facts about the crucifixion of Jesus—and the events that preceded it. His boldly controversial portrait of Jesus as a rebel condemned for the political crime of insurrection rather than the religious offense of blasphemy will startle some readers, challenge others. It is a book that must be judged by each for himself.

As Max Lerner comments: "This will shock many true believers. But those who are not shockable will be grateful for a book which combines intellectual integrity, historical boldness, and grace and economy of style." $4.95

MACMILLAN

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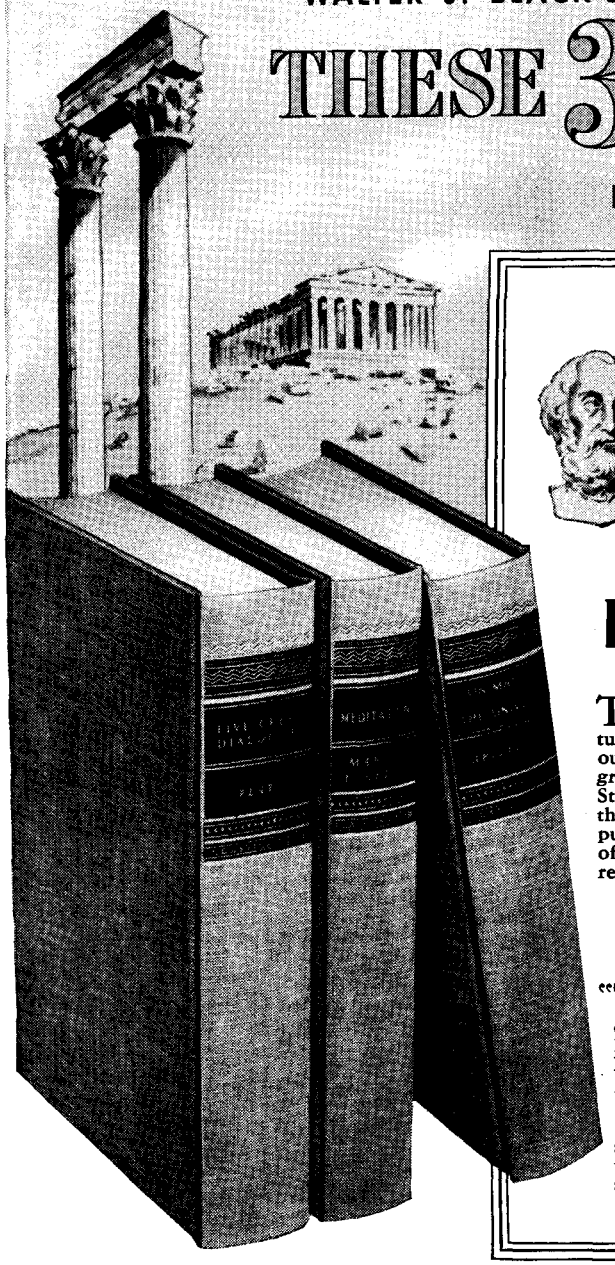

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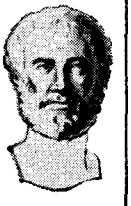

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sentee Presidential commissions or hostile professors.

It is barely possible that a competent journalist might unearth the facts of the approaching crisis. He must be willing to stumble over ballast, get his hands dirty on grab irons and his ears dirty on obscenities. He must avoid official handouts of unions and management. The assignment cannot be executed from a swivel chair. Suppose he were successful? My own feeling is that widespread public awareness would do little good. The public gives not a damn until there exists the inevitable "crisis," at which time "aroused public opinion" results in summary compulsion of one or both parties.

Unless the weak and top-heavy operating brotherhoods collapse completely, a nation-wide rail strike is most probable. The bankers, journalists, and professors will have their chance to play trains. There should be no problem, really, as such work is absurdly simple to learn and perform. Haven't Mr. Raskin and his colleagues told us so?

J. H. CHRISTENSEN
Kent, Washington

HAZLITT

To the Editor: At first I was almost impressed by George Steiner's review of Herschel Baker's *William Hazlitt* (*The Reporter,* January 17): It was so gratifying to see someone point out that men like Wordsworth and Coleridge reacted to the French Revolution much as liberals reacted to Communism in our own day. But having assimilated his argument, I want to ask, must we liberals always accuse fellow liberals of our own superficialities? I pass over the way Mr. Steiner disposes of Spender, Silone, Koestler, and Malraux as "official voices of remorse." I speak only of Wordsworth, whom I happen to know a good deal more about. Almost everything Mr. Steiner says about that poet's defection from the liberal cause is either highly questionable or flatly wrong.

First, Wordsworth most certainly did not hasten to France in the cause of the Revolution, as John Reed was to hasten to Moscow. Although the political situation did add to the excitement he felt on his first trip to France in 1790, he specifically said he looked on events "as from a distance." He was too full of "the independent spirit of pure youth" to have an "intimate concern" with matters of state. And when he returned in 1791, he needed a gallant aristocrat to teach him how special the French cause was.

Second, when England declared war on France, Wordsworth did, it is true, pray for the defeat of his own country. But this disloyalty, coupled with his persistent bitterness over England's decision to interfere in France, later prompted him to new and original—not simply conservative—views of nationhood.

Third, Wordsworth's disappointment over the Revolution—Mr. Steiner sees it as the "recantation, often servile and

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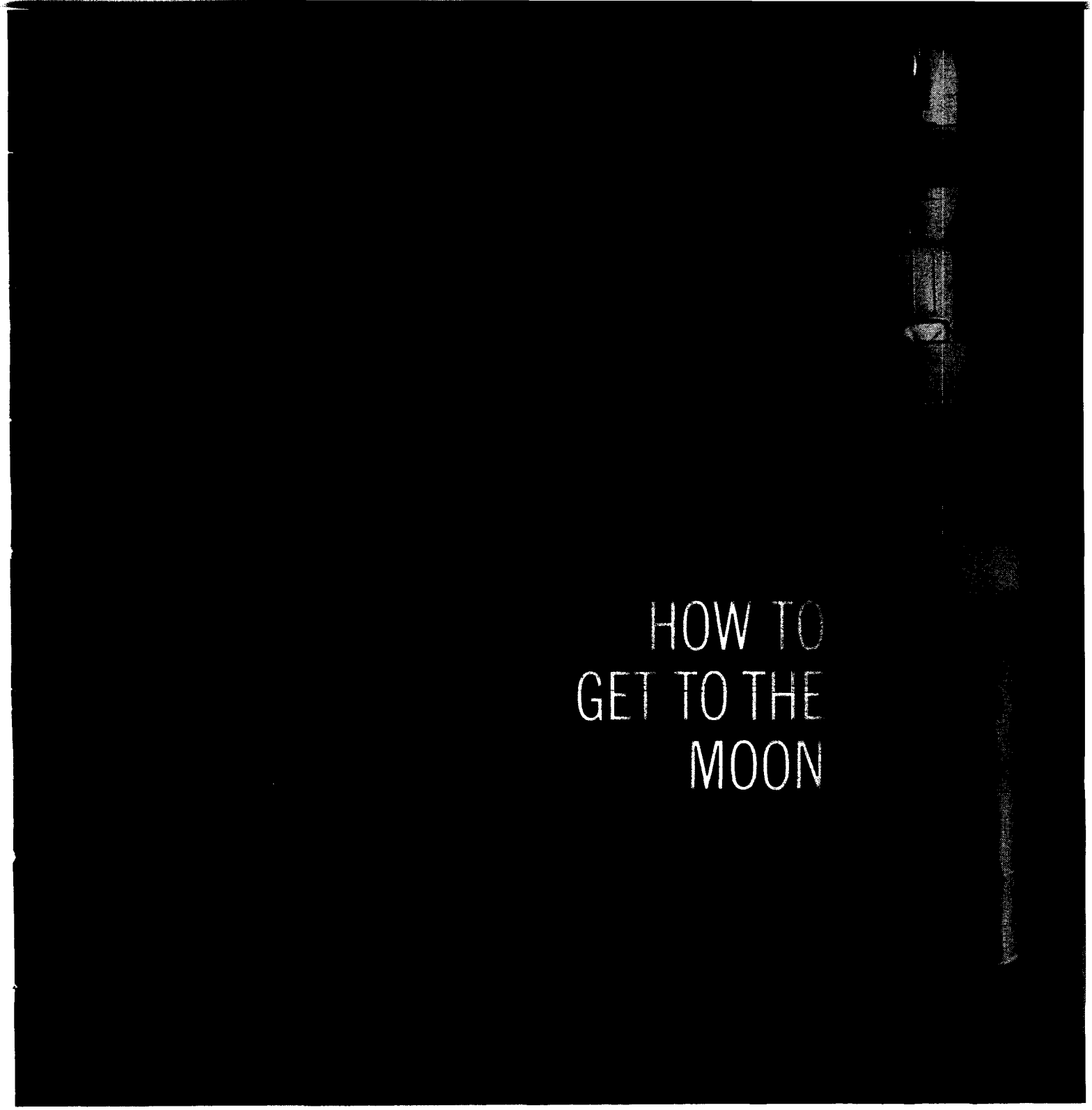

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hysterical" typical of the first generation of Romantic poets—can hardly account for the "worn, professional air" of his later poetry. He became the great poet we know only in 1798, *after* his republican period and, incidentally, *after* the French Revolution had declined into Napoleonism. Indeed, if the whole first generation of Romantic poets was "crippled" by "the failure of radical hope and the false zest of reaction," it was crippled essentially before it began.

Fourth, Mr. Steiner passes over the French Reign of Terror—and all modern terrors—as if any strong stomach should be able to swallow them. Then in the very "trumpet-voice" he finds in Wordsworth, he accuses him of seeking "the extirpation of France" (it happens to be Napoleon, not France); of defending capital punishment (is Mr. Steiner suggesting an interesting relation between capital punishment and the Terror?); and of settling for "the puerile office of Poet Laureate" (all of forty-five years later, to be sure). Finally, when Wordsworth turned to nature, he found there, Mr. Steiner should remember, "the still, sad music of humanity," not a "cult of private life and landscape."

I shall not comment on Hazlitt's views on the Revolution now. He is too great a critic to be disposed of in a few words, even in the cause of Wordsworth.

VALBORG ANDERSON
Associate Professor of English
Brooklyn College

Mr. Steiner replies:

First as to facts and texts: when in France in 1792, Wordsworth was deeply involved with the hopes of the Girondins. He thought of joining in armed defense of what he believed, or hoped, would be a "constitutional revolution." That, moreover, was the year in which his daughter, Caroline, was born. From the point of view of Wordsworth's subsequent development, the political impulse, the affair with Annette Vallon, and the birth of the child are of obvious importance and connection.

Professor Anderson ignores the texts when she seeks to diminish the close, complex link between Wordsworth's disillusion in France and the special mode of solitude and private lyricism he adopted. In the poem "French Revolution," Wordsworth spoke of that time when passionate hope and social commitment could have free play

Not in Utopia, subterranean fields,
Or some secreted island, Heaven knows where!
But in the very world, which is the world
Of all of us.

The islands and fields of private meditation came when that larger world proved treacherous.

One more factual point: Words-

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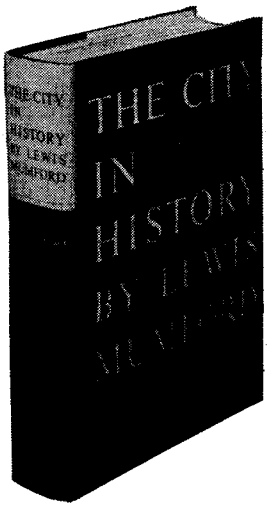

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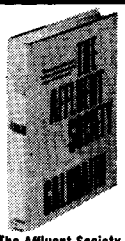

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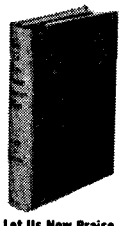

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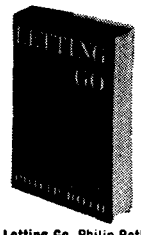

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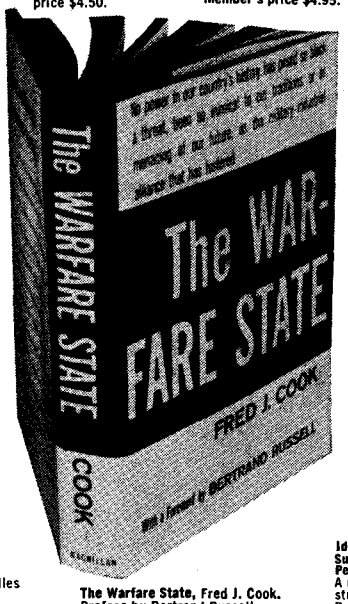

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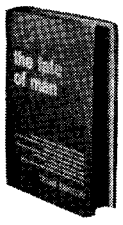

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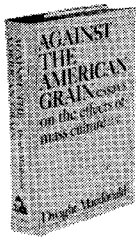

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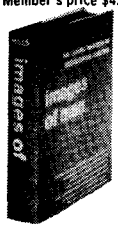

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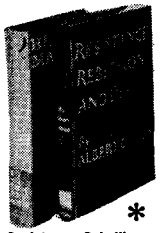

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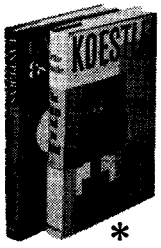

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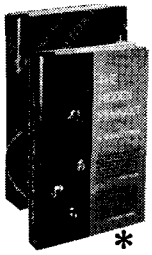

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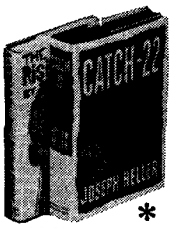

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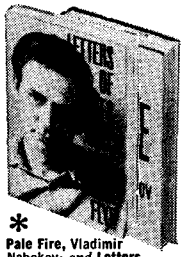

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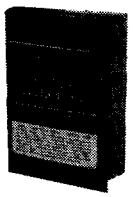

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Tuesday, March 12th

worth's patriotic poetry abounds in bitter denunciations not only of Napoleon but of France. He went so far as to assert that France had contributed nothing whatever of value to man's heritage.

The larger question of the failure of radical hopes and of its influence on the consciousness and careers of the romantic poets is one of critical conjecture. The crux is that what Wordsworth found in nature was a "still, sad music of humanity." He had first heard that music loud and joyous. His own work tells us so; as do Byron, Hazlitt, and Matthew Arnold.

LAWRENCE

To the Editor: Amid the howling approval of the motion picture "Lawrence of Arabia," your critic Jay Jacobs is like a beacon in the dark night ("Fraud and Freud," *The Reporter*, January 31).

Lawrence was a fraud, and those who made the picture have perpetrated a fraud on the movie-going people of the world.

ROMAN FREULICH
Beverley Hills, California

PUZZLE

To the Editor: The puzzle solution in the issue of February 14, you must by now be aware, was for puzzle #71, not #72. And the acrostician is William O. Douglas, not André Malraux. But since Malraux turned out to be the answer for #72 in that issue, your faithful puzzle fanatics probably did not object to the slip.

HENRY W. SCOVILL
Stockbridge, Massachussetts

Solution to

THE REPORTER

Puzzle #72

A	S	T	R	O	N	O	M	E	R	R	O	Y	A	L
D	■	■	U	■	A	■	A	■	E	■	B	■	■	I
O	■	T	H	E	R	O	Y	A	L	W	A	Y	■	T
G	Y	R	E	■	W	■	A	■	A	■	N	E	S	T
I	■	A	■	■	H	■	N	■	X	■	■	L	■	L
N	U	C	L	E	A	R	■	R	E	V	O	L	V	E
T	■	T	■	■	L	A	I	U	S	■	■	O	■	I
H	E	A	R	D	■	D	■	N	■	R	O	W	E	N
E	■	R	■	■	T	A	C	I	T	■	■	S	■	F
M	A	I	L	C	A	R	■	C	R	Y	S	T	A	L
A	■	A	■	■	T	■	M	■	A	■	■	O	■	U
N	A	N	A	■	T	■	U	■	F	■	A	N	N	E
G	■	S	M	I	L	I	N	G	F	A	C	E	■	N
E	■	■	O	■	E	■	C	■	I	■	T	■	■	C
R	O	C	K	E	D	T	H	E	C	R	A	D	L	E

Acrostician—

ANDRE MALRAUX

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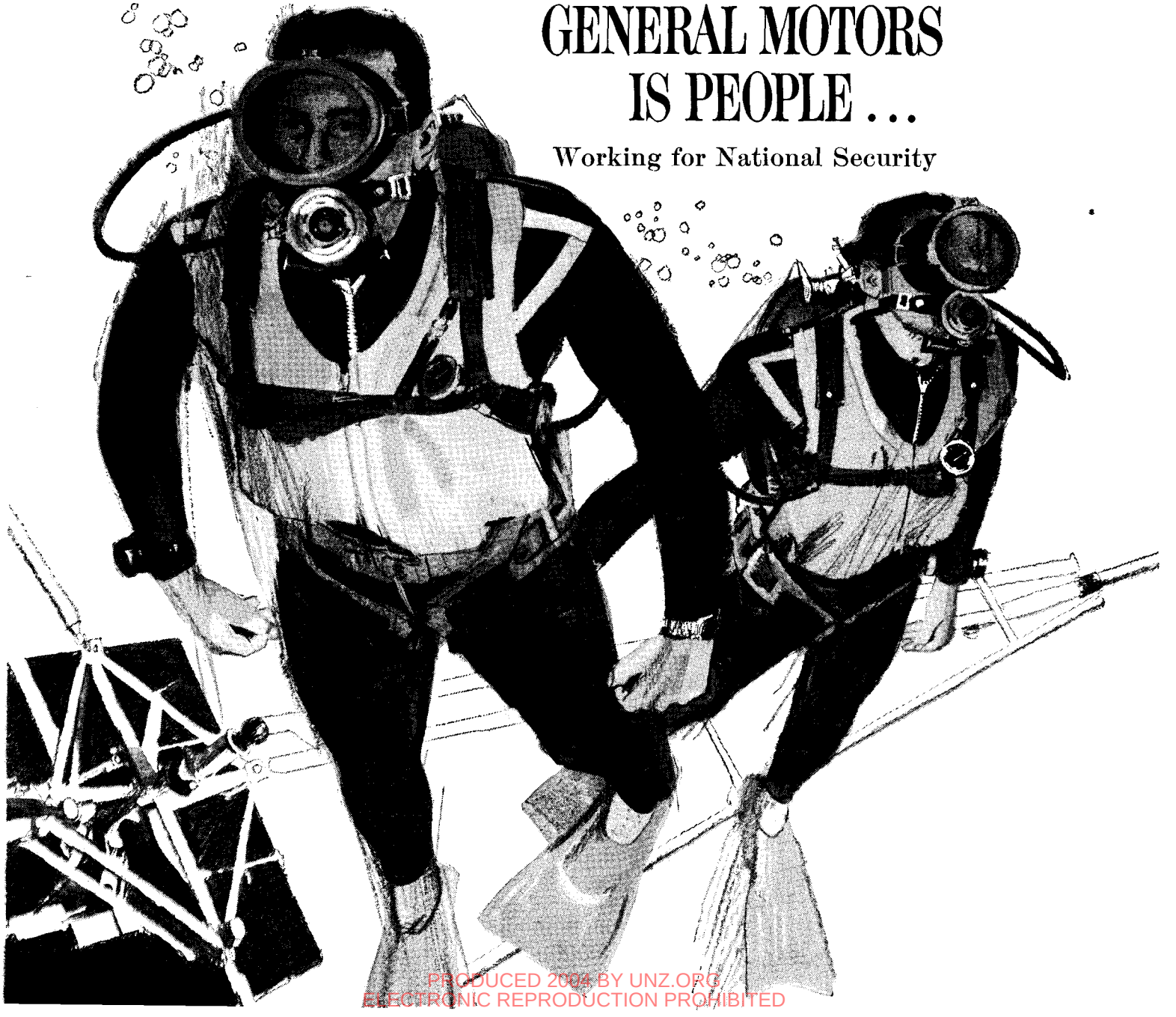

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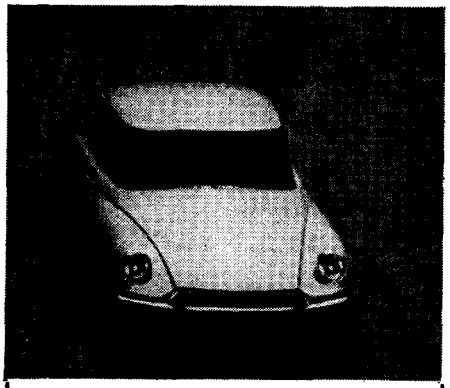

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

An End for This Season

On the eve of the vote to change the Senate rules in order to prevent filibusters, Clarence Mitchell, a Washington lobbyist for the NAACP, was taking his ease in the Senate press room. "Our whole chance for success rested on the rather weak reed of the Vice-President," said Mr. Mitchell with a sigh. An hour before, New York Republican Jacob Javits had claimed that President Kennedy bore the primary responsibility for the result everyone expected. Had the President taken a position on "moral grounds," the senator said, the outcome might well have been different.

While Mitchell was blaming the Vice-President and Javits was decrying the moral tone of the White House, others were wondering if even the greatest deliberative body in the world could afford to take four weeks' time on what amounted to a procedural issue. Still others advanced the view that in the U.S. Senate, the procedural issues were the only ones that mattered.

At the outset the liberals had high hopes. Support for relaxing the cloture rule had grown from more than twenty votes a decade ago to forty-three votes in 1961, and several more liberal senators had been elected in 1962. The day before Congress convened, liberals arriving in the capital expressed hope that the White House would take an active interest in the matter. The President had successfully intervened in the House Rules Committee fight two years before, and if there was any essential difference between the issues of expanding the House Rules Committee and relaxing Senate Rule XXII (cloture), the liberals couldn't see what it was. But Majority Leader Mike Mansfield dispelled the hope of any White House aid. The fight, he said, was "entirely a matter for the Senate." Mr. Kennedy seemed happy to agree.

There would be, the liberals announced, not one proposal but two. The first, sponsored by Senator Clinton P. Anderson (D., New Mexico) and Senator Thruston B. Morton (R., Kentucky) called for a limitation on debate by a vote of three-fifths of those senators present and voting. This is at most a very gradual change from the current Rule XXII, the result of a 1959 Lyndon Johnson compromise, which imposes cloture by a vote of two-thirds of those present and voting.

The second proposal, sponsored by a large group of liberal Democrats and Republicans led by Senator Humphrey and Minority Whip Thomas H. Kuchel, was not intended to replace Rule XXII but to "implement" it. If the senators seeking cloture were short of two-thirds, another cloture petition could be brought after fifteen days of debate; if a simple majority of the Senate then voted to invoke the rule, debate would be limited to one hundred hours, fifty on one side and fifty on the other. This was the proposal described as a "gag rule."

There was one major uncertainty in the liberal strategy: a ruling was needed from the president of the Senate, in this case Vice-President Johnson, to shut off debate and order a vote on the motion to adopt new rules. This would be a simple majority vote, without danger of a filibuster. And if the liberals were successful, they would move for consideration of the Humphrey-Kuchel proposal, which would probably fail. Anderson-Morton would then be called up, and *it* would presumably pass.

Whatever the feeling of the uninitiated about these tortuous maneuverings, the senators themselves felt deep concern. Minority Leader Everett M. Dirksen disavowed both proposals. Majority Leader Mansfield supported Anderson-Morton but rejected Humphrey-Kuchel. Debate proceeded at a leisurely pace

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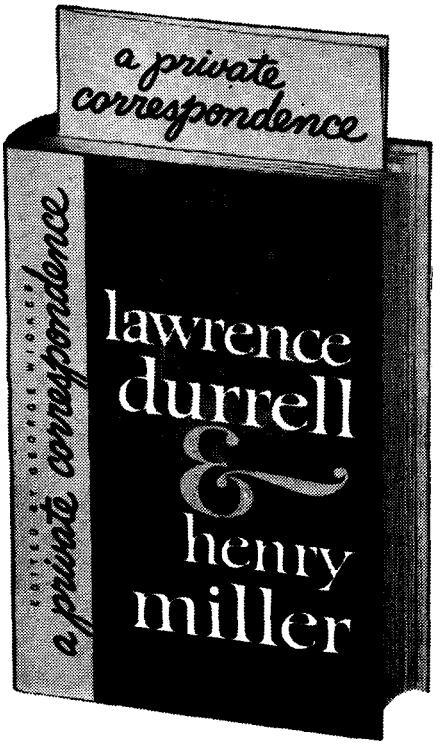

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that allowed Senate conservatives to unfold their opposition in all its minute details. Senator Richard Russell of Georgia, leader of the Southern faction, declared that they would have to drag him from the chamber before he would allow a Vice-President to silence him; his Republican ally in the conservative alliance, Barry Goldwater, felt that a rules change would be "the moment in history when democracy begins to die in this country." And William S. White, the Boswell of the Senate, declared: "They [the liberals] are demanding, consciously or not, a revolutionary overturn of the basic form of government toward a monolithic, automatic, foredoomed conformism to whatever megalopolis might decide at any given moment." Two senators put his column in the *Congressional Record*.

All the senators knew the Humphrey-Kuchel proposal would not pass, but not very many of them took strong exception to the three-fifths proposal. It's not easy, however, to defy the Senate oligarchy, and those who might favor a three-fifths rule change were considerably less enthusiastic about voting cloture so that they could vote on it; neither did they much favor the argument that Vice-President Johnson should intervene to end debate.

When Richard Nixon was Vice-President he handed down several advisory opinions which seemed to show (the operative word, as careful readers will note, is "seemed") that the Vice-President has the power to shut off debate on the question of taking up Senate rules. Lyndon Johnson was needled relentlessly on this point, until in a display of eloquent scorn he replied from the chair: "Since some very brave Senators have attacked the Chair . . . the Chair wishes to assure the Senate that any time the Senate wishes the Chair to exercise authority delegated him by the Senate rules . . . the Chair will exercise it. However, the Presiding Officer does not intend to exercise authority he does not believe he has merely because other men are unwilling to exercise the authority they do have."

As the debate developed, it became clear that the Vice-President would not rule the way the liberals wanted him to. Informal overtures were made and were turned away. On January 31, the liberals suffered their first setback. By a vote of 53 to 42 the Senate tabled a proposal that would permit a majority to end debate and act on rules changes at the outset of a new Congress. From then on, it was all downhill.

The next week, a second vote was held—but the liberals, outmaneu-

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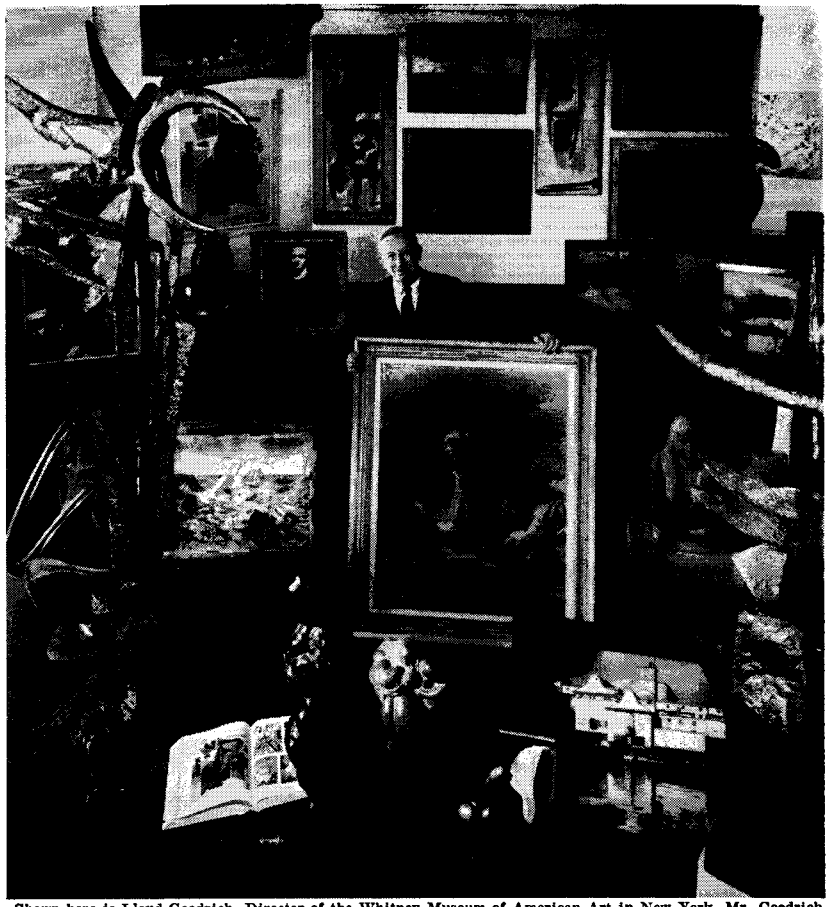

Shown here is Lloyd Goodrich, Director of the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York. Mr. Goodrich is one of the distinguished contributors to the Encyclopedia of World Art. Many works from the Museum's collection are in the Encyclopedia's 150-page section — Art of the Americas. Photograph by Arnold Newman.

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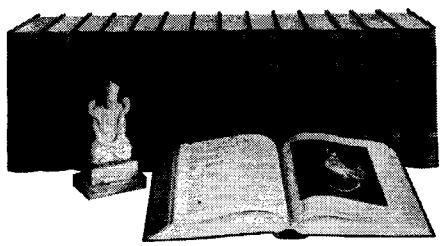

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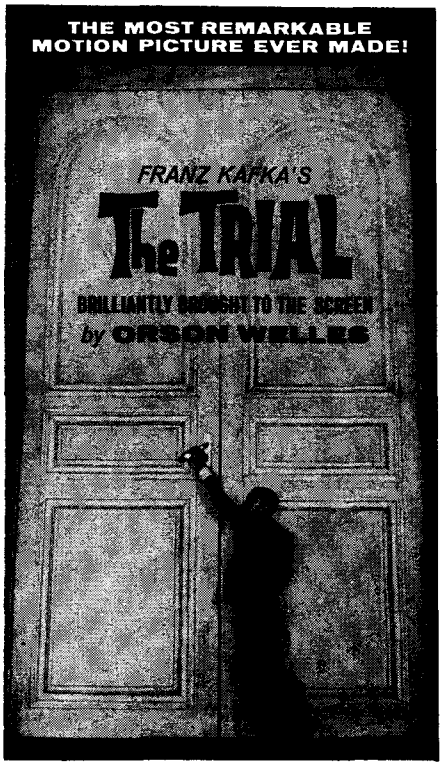

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vered by Senator Russell, did not succeed in even demonstrating their strength. Then Mansfield, thoroughly weary of the charade, announced to a restless Senate (there were now rumblings that "the business of the nation" was waiting) that he himself would make an honest-to-goodness cloture motion. If three-fifths—sixty senators—voted for it, he would allow the debate to continue. If not, he would move to adjourn, thereby killing the rules issue at this session.

If the impossible happened, and two-thirds voted for cloture, the liberals would have won—and succeeded in their attempts to close debate and at least bring the Anderson-Morton measure to a vote. The impossible didn't happen, but the liberals were partially vindicated. The day the debate died in the Senate, they were able to muster fifty-four votes toward the goal of sixty. They had demonstrated, at long last, that a *majority* of the Senate favored a change in the rules. Senator Joseph S. Clark (D., Pennsylvania) announced to a reporter not four hours after the vote that "the United States Senate is the only legislative body in the free world where the majority cannot work its will when it is ready to vote."

It was not a very original remark, but Senator Clark seemed almost happy to be able to conclude the latest round on that note.

Robert Frost, 1875-1963

It was good to have Robert Frost around in a time like ours, to know that at least one serious poet spoke to a large audience. And yet the pleasure we took in observing Frost's popularity didn't relieve us for long of whatever anxieties we felt regarding the real status of poetry in our age. It was unlikely that those who admired Frost would also admire Stevens and Auden. In short, when we looked closely at the reasons for Frost's popularity, it became clear that most readers had been drawn to him for his affinity with the past.

First and most obviously, his poetry was not obscure. Unlike his contemporaries, he made few demands on pure intellect; you didn't have to know much to read Frost. Neither did he require a rarefied sensibility in his reader. You could come to Frost directly from Whittier and Longfellow without getting your fingers burned.

Next, there was what can only be described as the "landscape" of his poems. He took us "Back out of all this now too much for us"—the grubby metropolitan streets of modern poetry—and into the clean country, to that earthly paradise we like to believe still exists in the backwoods of America. He was a voice for our nostalgia, for the safety of the past. If you wanted to get away from—or perhaps beyond—the anxieties of the modern world, the man to see was Frost.

The last of the qualities that endeared him to his enormous band of followers was the highly appealing public image he carried to platforms all across the country. Here was the wise and whimsical old Yankee we all wanted for our granddaddy, the man we could always count on to confound with a jest the cold, abstracted intellectuals of the city. It was a lovable personality and it seemed to assure us that we wouldn't find anything disagreeable in the poems. This is the Frost who was the most popular poet of our time.

Now if this were all there was to Frost, he wouldn't satisfy for long those readers who demand something more from literature than a mere retreat into a dream world. Why is it that to some he expressed, for all his apparent simplicity, many of the most complex problems of the life we know? Lionel Trilling supplied an answer when he spoke at a party celebrating Frost's eighty-fifth birthday: he said Frost was a "terrifying" poet. It shocked the daylights out of many who had gone along for years believing Frost was exclusively the spokesman for a manageable optimism. But Trilling proved his point; he directed our attention to such poems as "Design" and "Neither Out Far Nor In Deep." And if he had wanted to, he could have gone on to name "The Lovely Shall Be Choosers," "Provide, Provide," "Home Burial," "A Servant to Servants," "The Hill Wife," "The Most of It," and quite a few others.

In the end, rereading Frost, the quality that one is impressed by is the utter loneliness of the voice.

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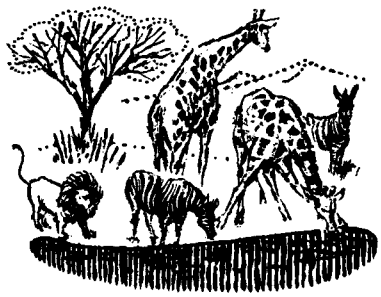
Integration; teen-age behavior; business; science; international relations.
Sundays, March 3-10-17-24-31 (2-2:30 PM)

Labyrinth
Surrealistic opera by Gian-Carlo Menotti.
Sunday, March 3 (2-3 PM)

The Individual in American Democracy
Prospects for assertion of self today.
Sunday, March 3 (4-5 PM)

A Country Called Europe
Report on the Common Market.
Sunday, March 3 (10-11 PM)

Where We Stand: Ten Years After Stalin
Appraisal of East-West relations.
Wednesday, March 6 (7:30-8:30 PM)



The Irreplaceables
East Africa's animal conservation efforts.
Thursday, March 7 (10-11 PM)

The Latin-American Spirit
Young People's Concert: Leonard Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic.
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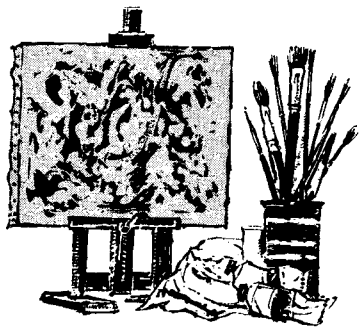

Exhibitions: Twelve American Painters
Survey of contemporary artists at work.
Sunday, March 10 (4-5 PM)

Hollywood: The Great Stars
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Wednesday, March 13 (10-11 PM)

Yalta
Winston Churchill's memoirs.
Friday, March 15 (7:30-8 PM)

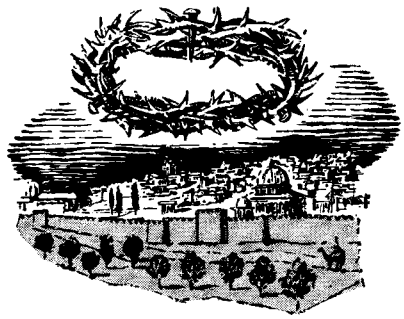
Arthur Godfrey Loves Animals
Guests include Mel Blanc, Shari Lewis, Burr Tillstrom, and various puppets.
Monday, March 18 (8:30-9:30 PM)

Jimmy Hoffa and the Teamsters
A two-part report by David Brinkley.
Mondays, March 18 & 25 (10-10:30 PM)

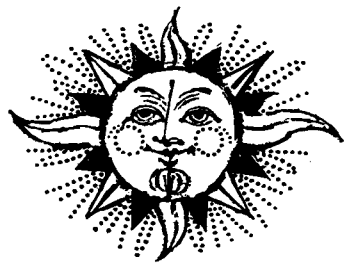
Judy Garland and Her Guests, Phil Silvers and Robert Goulet
Tuesday, March 19 (8:30-9:30 PM)

As Caesar Sees It
A Sid Caesar "special."
Thursday, March 21 (9-9:30 PM)

Gary Cooper—Tall American
A *Project 20* biography.
Tuesday, March 26 (7:30-8:30 PM)



The St. Matthew Passion
Part 1 of the Bach oratorio.
Sunday, March 31 (1:30-3:30 PM)



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Saturdays: Reading Room/Exploring/ Watch Mr. Wizard

Sundays: Camera Three/Washington Report/ Meet the Professor/Adlai Stevenson Reports/Issues and Answers/This is NBC News/Wild Kingdom/Update/College Bowl/The Twentieth Century/Meet the Press/ Walt Disney's Wonderful World of Color/ Voice of Firestone/Howard K. Smith—News and Comment

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A Meeting of Two Minds

Is THE MAD BRAWL within the Alliance ever going to subside? It has been going on ever since General de Gaulle's press conference of January 14. Charges of disloyalty, indeed of treason, have been hurled by one side against the other in the unrestrained effort to read the hidden motive in each other's mind. Thus de Gaulle's conception of a Europe stretching from the Atlantic to the Urals was not seen as a prophecy for a time when the Russian people had rid themselves of their present tyrannical leadership, but as a deal already in the making with the Soviet leaders of today. On the other side it was said: the man who is rushing toward an agreement with the Kremlin at the expense of the Alliance is President Kennedy. What other meaning can there be for his zealous respect of the status quo and for a nuclear stalemate with the Soviet Union, if not the grand design of an exclusive settlement between the two co-equal powers? And what about the Nassau trick of calling American-controlled submarines a multinational force?

One could go on and on listing the ugly charges and countercharges. It would certainly be more desirable to forget all this debauch of malice. But this must not and cannot be done. The prayerful hope that the outpouring of ill-will among allies may be at an end certainly stirs in the hearts of many in the West, but after each brief lull there comes a new outburst of malevolence. De Gaulle's aim is to get the United States out of Europe, someone says. Every possible effort should be exerted on the Germans so that the de Gaulle-Adenauer treaty will not be ratified, our most authoritative newspaper has advocated. The danger of an alliance between France and Germany is so great that the antagonism between Germany and France seems preferable to their friendship. Perhaps some psychological warrior should remind the Germans that the French have robbed them of Alsace-Lorraine.

The difference in behavior between the two major protagonists, our country and France, reflects the peculiarities of each, and the causes of their conflict. On our side, there has been a merciless reiteration of slogans and an apoplectic insistence on some notion of unsophisticated common sense. We are the strongest, aren't we? And whose goodness can be compared to ours? No two countries have benefited more from it than France and Germany. To have our wishes thwarted by a man incorrigibly addicted to unbending resolution and reckless reasoning seems to be more than we can take. Excesses in firmness and logic are against the traditions of American pragmatism.

On the French side, there is nothing like our outpouring of vituperation. Rather, an overindulgence in the habit of ratiocination, coldly used to find the motives behind the behavior of the American government. Nothing could be more unfair to us or less apt to lead to an understanding of our policies. The charitable thing to say—for America, for France, and for the Alliance—is that at the end of both roads lies madness: it is not with reckless indignation that we can reach an understanding of the French, and it is not with unrestrained use of their reasoning that the French can understand us.

This latest crisis has been in the making for a long time, and this alone should explain the ravages it is still creating. Since long before the Kennedy administration, our government has been acting on the assumption that its nuclear might was a sacred trust to be held for the benefit of the Alliance and for the cause of peace. It has been equally anxious to maintain stewardship of this frightening trust and to get rid of it sometime, in co-operation with the Soviets—assuming the Soviets can ever be trusted. It has offered its nuclear power as a sword or as a shield (the metaphors have changed) to the NATO Alliance, always in the hope that the sword or the shield may never be used and perhaps that the defense of the Alliance may stop being our primary concern.

The Kennedy administration, shortly after it took office, came to recognize that the new increasingly united, increasingly prosperous Europe had become a major power destined ultimately to be our equal. We started to press hard for an even larger, even more united Europe that would include Britain and other

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lands—a Europe transcending the bonds of geography that could be even more our equal. Except that in just one field, military might, equality was considered synonymous with identity of views. Our views.

Britain's entrance into the Common Market seemed destined to satisfy all these and many more assorted expectations: it would reinvigorate the economy of that great old country, temper the apprehensions in many allied quarters about too heavy German or Franco-German influence, redress the balance between Socialist and Catholic parties in the parliament to be, and somehow bring about a much tighter degree of political unity than de Gaulle might ever have been willing to accept. This last was the queerest among the expectations of things to come once Britain had taken its place among the Six, and opened the gate to a large retinue of congenial nations. For, once admitted, Macmillan's Britain would have been much more of a states' righter than de Gaulle's France.

This consideration did not dampen the enthusiasm of the extremists of all-out union, and particularly those in the American government, ever ready to root vociferously for "a more perfect union," one that they were eager to join with their whole heart, but only with their heart. Truly, the great, much-rehearsed event that was expected to take place in Brussels was overloaded with disparate expectations. It was to be a federation with the largest possible degree of national autonomy, a new great power independent of the United States and interdependent with it, with independence and interdependence closely knotted to make the Alliance safe for America's sole control of the ultimate defense weapons.

It was here, on this nexus of good intentions and pious hopes, that Charles de Gaulle's sword struck with brutal vigor. Undoubtedly, the general could have avoided being so crude, and the reaction could have been more restrained. But the general was crude and the reaction unrestrained. The blow has hit an extraordinarily large number of people, hopes, and interests where it hurts the most.

That man has become uniquely adept at the cutting of Gordian knots. He did it in his country over and over again, and French politics will never be the same. Now more than ever he cannot afford to wait: his career as an agent of French destiny is coming to a close. His is the power of implacable reason. It is of no avail to go into hiding and wait for his demise. The blows he inflicts will be felt well after the end of his life.

Among the leaders of the world, there is no one whose character can be understood more easily or whose course of action is more predictable. He has put all his thought in writing of unsurpassable clarity. His basic traits are of monumental dimensions and at the same time few in number. This kingly Jacobin has little or no respect for the individuals around him; his commitment is to nobody but his people. His people, as they have proved over and over again, reciprocate. He is France and he is a monarch—not like Louis XIV, but by direct investiture from the people. His mandate has been certified over and over again. The popular validation he received last time gave him the power he needed for his action regarding Britain and the American offer of Polaris submarines.

He is immensely intolerant of the mumbo jumbo the Anglo-Saxons are accustomed to make use of in furthering their policies. This business of interdependence that means equality or co-equality among the free nations, led by the most powerful of them all, which incessantly urges the others to reach a closer and closer union through ever broader and ever looser associations—this kind of thing brings General de Gaulle to the point of distraction. He has said so over and over again. In fact, the Anglo-Saxon nations would seem to have the gift of bringing out the worst in him.

Above all, de Gaulle knows that the political influence of a nation must be related to its military might, but he cannot possibly tolerate the notion that the relation between military and political power be one of strictly arithmetical identity. Concretely, if France can produce only less than two per cent of western nuclear weapons, he cannot possibly concede that France's influence should be two per cent of the total. As a matter of fact, he has been told that, as to the possession and use of nuclear means, France's per cent of power is zero. As long as this dreadful patrimony is with the West, he insists on France's right to join the United States as a co-trustee.

THE MAN who is France owes his direct relationship with his people to something even more compelling than the history he has made. There is a trend in our world today toward direct democracy. The outstanding evidence is to be found in our own country. President Kennedy's amazing popularity, the hold that through the skillful use of electronic means of communication he has established over the people, is only the symptom of a much deeper, compelling force which sustains and explains his course. Is he a seeker after power, perhaps even beyond the limits imposed by the Constitution and by tradition, or is power seeking him? No one can know yet, maybe not even he.

Personal government is in the ascendancy all over the world, from Brazil to Morocco to the countries of Asia. General de Gaulle, who has always been so scornful of French Gaullism, must be even more dismayed at the prospect of international Gaullism. Yet in at least two cases the concentration of power in two men can be a force for good if they find a way to communicate, to discover together, man to man, face to face, what unites them because of the beliefs they share and the burden they carry.

These two men, of course, are Kennedy and de Gaulle, not Kennedy and Khrushchev.

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What Next for the Common Market?

RICHARD GRENIER

RIGHT AFTER the news of the collapse of the Brussels negotiations, the Paris popular press ran banner headlines: "FIRST REPRISAL AGAINST FRANCE: 'SIX' FINANCE MINISTERS' CONFERENCE POSTPONED."

Within forty-eight hours the report spread that the Dutch government would boycott all meetings of the Common Market for at least the month of February; West German Economic State Secretary Alfred Müller-Armack, the chief German negotiator at Brussels, submitted his resignation in bitter protest; and Sicco Mansholt, the august vice-president of the Common Market executive for agriculture, declared that as long as negotiations with Britain remained "suspended," he would refuse to continue to conduct intra-EEC talks on agricultural policy, now the Community's major internal issue.

The five EEC members favorable to Britain's entering the Common Market, Mansholt asserted angrily, could not "capitulate" before the French veto. If the French refused to change their attitude, there would be "no more Community."

Among the Five, except for Chancellor Adenauer and the more dutiful of his supporters, almost everyone who was anyone agreed even in choice of wording that Tuesday, January 29, had been a "black day" for Europe: West German Vice-Chancellor Erhard, Dutch Foreign Minister Luns, Belgian Foreign Minister Spaak, and Italian Budget Minister La Malfa plumped for the formation of a new bloc including Britain, the Benelux countries, and Italy.

The French press, much of which was more emotionally pro-British than at any time since the Liberation, warned of retaliation and the possible creation of a new European industrial-products free-trade area excluding France. Most British newspapers took the Brussels breakdown more calmly than might have been expected, but the normally conservative *Daily Telegraph* fostered a mood of anti-French vindictiveness by repeated front-page assertions that General de Gaulle was preparing an independent French accommodation with Russia.

De Gaulle's attitude toward all this is simply that it will blow over. He reasons that the other members are drawing too much benefit from the EEC to scrap it just to spite France, and that the other nations of the Atlantic Alliance cannot risk demolishing the substantial part of the alliance that still remains.

He is partly right.

Direct retributive economic hostility to France, theoretically vast in potential, is either most unlikely or highly circumscribed. The basic, common-sense fact is that commercial relations of all sorts are entered into because they bring benefit to both sides, and he who breaks them off or fails to establish them is liable to do at least as much harm to himself (not to mention well-disposed third parties) as to the party he seeks to punish.

The Five Think Twice

Before a week had passed following the Brussels rupture, the possibility of a breakup of the Common Market, or even of deliberate, determined obstruction to its progress, was receding rapidly. The future action of the Five as a bloc, it became overwhelmingly clear, would be primarily directed at helping Britain and not at punishing France.

Of all the governments of the Five, only The Hague might still be considered to feel that a Common Market without Britain and under Gaullist domination was not worth having. Belgium, for example, would suffer heavy damage if the Market were to collapse, and it was emphasized to even the most ardent "Europeans" on the Continent that much as they might dislike a Europe without Britain, there could be no Europe without France.

Will France, then, not suffer economically at all as a result of slamming the door on Britain? Let us consider the consequent threats to the French economy in ascending order of importance.

A typical anti-French reprisal suggested in the French press in the days following the breakdown, possibly in a mere desire to provide headlines, is that the United States might vengefully attempt to attack French agricultural exports by unloading farm surpluses in Britain and the Outer Seven countries of the British-dominated European Free Trade Association. Such a notion, conspicuous by its childishness, would result in harming the Netherlands and Germany as well as France, and as an act of almost gratuitous aggressiveness could call forth reactions frightening to calculate. France's capability of demanding that the United States convert into gold the huge and rising stocks of dollars now held as reserves by France is enough to suggest the kind of weapons that could be employed.

The idea that France might be dealt a great blow by diminished investment from the United States and other countries is also at least partly misguided. First of all the French government, far from seeking to increase foreign investment in France, is at present concerned that investment in certain sectors may soon become excessive, tending to remove from the control of the state's economic planners certain critical areas of the economy. In fact, the EEC finance ministers' conference in Baden-Baden, whose postponement was headlined by the Paris press as an anti-French reprisal, had been called by France specifically to discuss restricting foreign investment in the EEC.

Admittedly the Brussels collapse

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may well decrease American industry's enthusiasm for investment in Europe, an enthusiasm that was based on the belief that the EEC, at present ahead of schedule, would succeed in creating a huge, fully integrated European market by 1970. But it must be remembered that France is not a semi-developed country eager for investment capital at almost any price. On the contrary, its present annual industrial expansion rate of seven per cent marks its economy as one of the world's most dynamic. The French government, moreover, has not concealed its indignation over what it considers the callous and irresponsible behavior of certain big American companies in France. Just a few months back General Motors (France) dropped without a day's warning twenty per cent of the labor force at its large Frigidaire plant outside Paris, bringing shocked protests from the minister of industries. The vituperative press that General Motors received did not stop Remington Rand from closing down its 1,200-worker plant near Lyon soon afterward, when it decided to concentrate its EEC portable-typewriter production elsewhere.

Libby's plans to set up a huge $54-million-dollar canning plant in southwestern France have been encouraged by the government, since fruit and vegetable canning is a backward sector where modern U.S. techniques will be welcome, but Chrysler's recent sixty-three per cent take-over of Simca, which produces a fifth of France's automobiles, was viewed in Paris with marked apprehension and distrust. This is precisely the kind of U.S. penetration that alarms the nationalistic supervisors of France's Commissariat du Plan, who are determined to maintain both full employment and a high expansion rate under their own control, or at least that of a French-dominated EEC.

Naturally, France's major manufacturers of phonograph records are distressed at Columbia Records' creation of a large new French record-making subsidiary, much as the country's pharmaceutical producers are relieved that Parke Davis has abandoned its plan to set up a factory at Compiègne, north of Paris. The point is that normally a government could be expected to set aside such special interests in a desire to further general economic expansion, whereas the French government's attitude is highly equivocal.

The Sick Man

Britain, actually, is far more likely than France to bear the economic consequences of the Brussels rupture. At present the economic Sick Man of Europe, the United Kingdom was depending greatly on the shock treatment of entrance into the EEC to provide the competition and expanded market necessary to stimulate its stagnant economy. The country has just learned, moreover, that its conspicuously feeble growth rate can no longer be explained away by high labor costs. Britain's boast of the highest material standard of living of any major country outside

North America is no longer true. The aggregate British labor costs, i.e., the standard of living, are now on a par with those in France and are actually a bit lower than in Belgium and West Germany. Also any decline in U.S. investments in Europe will probably hit Britain first, since reappraisal is in order for a great number of the massive investment programs that were scheduled for Great Britain on the assumption that British admission to the EEC would give the new manufacturers entry to the Common Market.

At least for France, the prospect of a slowdown in American investments might be as much the result of a deliberate French policy of restriction as in reaction to French behavior at Brussels. Viewed in another way, of course, de Gaulle's entire anti-"Anglo-Saxon" campaign, including Brussels, proceeds from his fear of dominance by the United States, of which he considers Britain the "traveling salesman." Once within the Common Market, Britain, the French president believes, would deliver Europe up to America not only in nuclear affairs but—a rival preoccupation—in economic matters as well. If there is a price to pay in the slowing down of foreign investment in order to ward off an "Anglo-Saxon" conquest, de Gaulle, allergic as he is to American power and influence, is certainly willing to pay it.

HIS ATTITUDE is the same regarding the two areas where France is genuinely likely to have to pay a stiff bill for his autocratic, almost insolent exclusion of Britain: in the continued depression of the farm population—a domestic economic problem—and in jeopardizing the future progress, although probably not the survival, of the Common Market.

France, with about three times the farmland of Britain, has almost fifty per cent of that in all six EEC countries together. Between 1913 and 1938 France's agricultural production declined slightly, but since the war it has been increasing by leaps and bounds. France has become almost overnight a producer of large, persistent farm surpluses. It has also become a heavy subsidizer of its massively redundant agricultural community, maintaining the domestic price of wheat in 1961, for example, at eighty per cent above world market levels. The country's net spending in price-support subsidiaries, although still not on the same scale as in the United States, has shot up alarmingly of late, more than quadrupling in only the last three years. A figure of some $1 billion has been predicted for 1965. A paradox of France's position is that, despite surpluses in some products, France still has a negative balance of agricultural trade. In 1961, the deficit amounted to $440 milion.

At the close of the war the French peasantry was called upon to make a major effort to increase production, in order both to raise personal

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revenue and overcome what was then a crushing farm trade deficit. The peasants eagerly bought tractors, more than doubled their use of fertilizer, improved their farming methods, and bought better seed and livestock. The called-for production increase was achieved triumphantly, but expenses rose more rapidly than revenue. Outlays for new equipment led to a sharply rising farm indebtedness, easy to bear during the years of France's galloping inflation but acutely oppressive once relative monetary stabilization had been attained. Moreover, the farmers became less self-sufficient, more dependent on the rising prices of their industrial suppliers as well as on the marketing of their produce, of which they themselves consumed proportionately less.

The peasants found themselves caught between climbing industrial prices and the relatively static return from their own harvests, prices for which were held down by an agricultural production which in a wide range of products had now far outstripped the national needs, and by a government anxious to avoid a rise in the cost of living. The government has optimistically set as its plan target a sixty-four per cent increase in foreign sales by 1965. The effect of January's Brussels fiasco on French farmers' hopes can hardly be helpful.

In signing the Treaty of Rome six years ago, France thought that it would consent to expose its then shaky industry to the competition of its partners in return for new markets for its foodstuffs. Although French industry now has no particular need to fear competition, France's attitude regarding agriculture has remained unchanged: the Common Market, and any new country that might join it, must be made to yield new outlets for French farm produce. This determination has lain behind France's intransigent position during all the wrangling over joint agricultural policy within the EEC, and above all during the recent crucial negotiations with Britain. France demanded of the British, in effect, that French foodstuffs largely displace those of Canada, Australia, and New Zealand in the United Kingdom. But Britain was unwilling to throw Commonwealth preference out the window at once; and since this stand conflicted with de Gaulle's reading of the Treaty of Rome and meant that Britain would not furnish French farmers with sufficiently extensive new markets, France vetoed the admission of Great Britain. Although de Gaulle has now admitted in numerous off-the-record remarks that political and politico-military considerations were heavy factors in determining his decision to break off the talks without even allowing a balance sheet of progress toward agreement to be drawn up, his ministers have staunchly maintained that the break was explicable and justifiable on purely economic grounds.

But as long as talks were still going on, there was always the strong possibility that during a final series of tough horse-trading sessions a grand compromise would finally be reached. This is what most of the actual negotiators at Brussels, except perhaps the French, privately expected. If, for example—let us speculate—the demands of French and Commonwealth farmers were split right down the middle, France's agriculture would have benefited immensely. Now, and for some time, the hope of securing for French farmers any sizable share of Britain's enormous food import market has been lost. The hope of new world marketing agreements favorable to France's foodstuffs has also evaporated, as has the hope of benign reasonableness by France's partners on the key upcoming decisions on joint agricultural policy within the Common Market.

THE intricacies of intra-EEC farm policy are a field of study in themselves. After intensive debate, codes for the operation of some half of the Six's "agricultural markets" have been drawn up. For some of them, for example fruit and vegetables, the progressive removal of import quotas will probably proceed more or less on schedule. It is even fairly likely that agreement will be reached on many markets not yet regulated, since in a number of them members of the Six other than France, like Holland in milk products, stand to benefit from an accord. Where France is going to run into trouble is on such issues as the hotly controversial future Community "levy" on food imports.

A great battle has already been fought on the levy question, during the marathon EEC ministers' meeting in January, 1962, but the agreement finally achieved turned out to be too vaguely worded to mean much. France's view is that the Community should impose a "levy" on any of its members' food imports below a certain fixed EEC price, that the funds from the levy should go to the Community itself, and that they should be used to subsidize members' farm exports beyond the Community at world prices (lower than EEC's). Hence the world exports of France, the Common Market's great producer of surpluses, would be subsidized conveniently by the Community, while the Market's great food importer, Germany (and Britain if it became a member), would foot the bill.

Germany understandably has dragged its feet on the issue, while France has used the opportunity of the negotiations with Britain to seek to force on its partners its terms on what is clearly an intra-Community matter. Paris's attitude toward Bonn has been: "You want Britain in. You will have to accept our position on levies." Now that the negotiations with Britain have been broken off, with a generous distribution of ill feeling all around, it is anyone's guess which way the question of levies will go.

AS FOR the future progress of the Common Market in general, the fear of stagnation can lead to paralysis, for the new Europe is a dynamic concept, a state of mind. If the European Economic Community is "now only a mechanism and no longer a living thing," as Dr. Erhard claims, the most sinister effect of Brussels will be the most diffuse. Apart from all the policy decisions that might be postponed and endlessly delayed, the lack of confidence and mutual trust that would be both the cause and effect of these delays could result in undermining the growth rates throughout Europe. A number of experts already fear a European recession within the next eighteen months. That would be a bill everyone would have to pay.

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Shadows on the Success Of 'Der Alte'

DANIEL SCHORR

BONN

CROWNING years of dream and effort, West Germany's Chancellor Konrad Adenauer signed a treaty in Paris, establishing a special relationship with France, on January 22. Since then he has been using all his influence and cunning to prove that the Paris pact, far from further weakening the western alliance, can be used to sway General de Gaulle from his present course against the Anglo-Saxon powers. Despite the skepticism of both his critics and some of his supporters, Adenauer hails the Franco-German reconciliation as ultimately destined to bring greater cohesion into the Atlantic Alliance.

Franco-German partnership has clearly gotten off to a tumultuous start. But while the settlement of this old antagonism seems already to have become the cause of new dissensions, it must be remembered that the chancellor has succeeded in emerging from similar difficulties in the past.

ADENAUER is certainly not the first statesman to find de Gaulle a troublesome ally. Disregarding Bonn's wishes, Paris made public a sharp Soviet note on the Franco-German treaty on the very day Adenauer was defending the pact before the Bundestag. German newspapers reported the general's disdainful remarks to the effect that West Germany needed French-style referendums instead of its present constitutional procedure. French sources here say the French president's regard for the lame-duck chancellor is waning because of the inept way the *Spiegel* affair was handled. No wonder the chancellor reportedly told intimates that de Gaulle had raised more difficulties for him than all his domestic opponents.

Adenauer had planned the reconciliation with France as his greatest monument. Whatever his misgivings may have been about his co-architect, when it came time to unveil the monument, there was no turning back. He returned from Paris on January 23 determined to see the agreement through to ratification.

This, unfortunately, was the very moment the discussions about Britain's bid for admission to the Common Market had reached their crucial state. The chancellor counseled newsmen to wait patiently until

the ministers met the following Monday in Brussels: "Then you will certainly hear interesting things."

As he understood the situation, de Gaulle had agreed on a reprieve for Britain in the form of a stocktaking of all negotiations to date. But the understanding had not extended to the explicit terms of the stocktaking, and it turned out that de Gaulle had in mind a leisurely terminal study without British participation—a prospect that was unacceptable to Britain and the other Brussels participants.

When Foreign Minister Gerhard Schröder telephoned Adenauer from Brussels on January 28 to say that Britain was to be emphatically excluded, the incredulous chancellor insisted that Schröder have French Foreign Minister Maurice Couve de Murville get in touch with de Gaulle because there must be some misunderstanding. There was no misunderstanding, not between Couve and de Gaulle anyway. And to Adenauer's regret, at least over the timing and manner of the rejection, the British application was vetoed.

It was not that Adenauer differed fundamentally with de Gaulle about Britain. Like his French friend, he believed European consolidation could be more tidily completed before Britain was admitted as a full member. Privately, he suggested it might be better for all concerned if the British went off and formed their own Common Market with the Commonwealth. And he noted that the Scandinavian countries, trailing Britain into the European Economic Community, would increase "socialist and neutralist" influence.

The chancellor's dismay proceeded from the fear that the juxtaposition of events would brand him as an accomplice in de Gaulle's action. More than once in the past the solidarity of the two statesmen had led them to assume different roles. This time, however, de Gaulle made it quite clear that he intended to go very far on his own. Adenauer had in fact been warned of this danger by leaders of both his coalition parties and advised to postpone his Paris trip, but he decided that there was no time to waste.

After the meeting in Paris, Adenauer had to take his treaty to the Bundestag despite the Brussels breakdown, revealing his inability to influence his French partner by the same sort of consultations the pact itself would provide on a formal and continuing basis.

TO THE German public, the cherished word "reconciliation" had suddenly taken an ugly twist and the dream of unity with the old antagonist had turned into a nightmare of new antagonisms with essential allies. The Germans' yearning to regain a place among the major western nations was now complicated by the fear of having to choose among those nations.

Headlines in the German press re-

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flected grave apprehension as Ambassador Walter Dowling was called back to Washington. The prospect that West Germany might be convicted of guilt by association with de Gaulle haunted many German minds. Adenauer sent his No. 2 foreign office man, State Secretary Karl Carstens (Foreign Minister Schröder, generally considered anti-Gaullist, could hardly be trusted with the mission) to Washington ahead of Dowling.

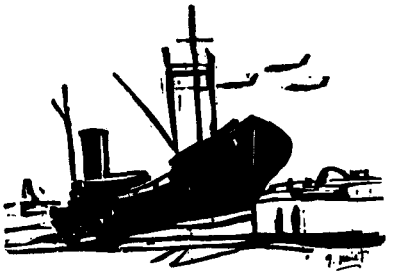
CRACKS began appearing within the government. Economic State Secretary Alfred Müller-Armack, a veteran negotiator on European affairs, submitted his resignation, unable to accept responsibility for Bonn's policy any longer. He stated pointedly that he was not in disagreement with his minister, Professor Ludwig Erhard, clearly implying that his disagreement was with Adenauer.

Erhard himself, once more flirting with the idea of self-assertiveness, suddenly erupted in a newspaper interview in which he expressed his utter revulsion against partnership with de Gaulle, called on the United States in a tone of desperation to produce "a great gripping idea," and offered to step into Adenauer's shoes whenever his party and country desired. The trouble with Erhard's gesture was that he had no idea what to do next. Once more he had quixotically gone to the brink of rebellion and then stopped. Unwilling to force the issue by resigning, he was reluctant even to defend his cause in party councils except to say he had spoken as a "matter of conscience." Many of his colleagues in the Christian Democratic Union considered his outburst an act of utter ineptitude. It is generally believed that this time Erhard has done it; he has eliminated himself as a candidate for chancellor.

Foreign Minister Schröder, more circumspect in public utterance, gave the Christian Democratic steering committee a scathing analysis of the perils of partnership with de Gaulle, warning that West Germany could become the tail of the French kite. But Schröder could be relied upon to confine his misgivings to the inner circle; and with Erhard having subsided into frustrated silence, Adenauer proceeded to blunt and scatter the attacks on his policy.

At a caucus of CDU deputies on the evening before the Bundestag session, *Der Alte* gave a virtuoso performance of soothing reassurances on his fidelity to Britain and the United States. He dodged the crucial issue of how this could be reconciled with de Gaulle's policy by blandly portraying the general as merely sulking in his tent out of pique over the Kennedy-Macmillan Nassau agreement and still amenable to change. Drawing heavily and one-sidedly on his private talks with de Gaulle, Adenauer made the following points:

¶ *Partnership with de Gaulle involves no change in the basic reliance on American arms and NATO commitments.* As evidence, Adenauer reported that he had told the French president of his support for the Nassau plan for a multinational nuclear force and that de Gaulle, who has rejected it for himself, conceded that it had advantages for



West Germany, which has renounced the manufacture of atomic arms.

¶ *De Gaulle is not irreconcilable.* Adenauer said that despite de Gaulle's current wrath over the Nassau agreement, he induced the general to send his NATO ambassador, François Seydoux, as an observer to the NATO Council discussions on nuclear force, and implied that de Gaulle's mind was far from closed on this subject.

¶ *The Franco-German pact itself provides an instrument to sway de Gaulle from his stand on the Common Market.* Adenauer said he told de Gaulle that West Germany had to back Britain's entry if only because British support was needed for Berlin and German unification. De Gaulle promised him, said Adenauer, that the first consultation under the Paris pact after its ratification would be on the problem of Britain and the Common Market.

ON THE STRENGTH of this rather sanguine assessment, the CDU gave its support to the chancellor. The next day Adenauer read the Bundestag a declaration deliberately couched in undramatic terms. In talking of the Franco-German pact he referred specifically only to better understanding between the youth of the two countries, with no mention of the military or foreign-policy provisions. He called the breakdown of the Brussels talks "regrettable" but "not an incurable crisis." And he said, "Our relationship with the United States remains decisive for our security. . . . There can never be anything but close co-operation between Free Europe and the United States."

This left the Bundestag little to come to grips with. As Adenauer correctly surmised, the Social Democratic opposition could not come out squarely against the Paris pact, for opposing reconciliation would be like opposing motherhood. Instead, the opposition demanded a joint Paris-Bonn declaration that the treaty does not encroach on obligations with Britain and other countries in the West and demanded that parallel treaties be signed with other nations. This way, the pact would become something like a reciprocal-trade agreement in which Germany's allies would all enjoy the benefits of a "most-favored nation" clause.

Fritz Erler, the Social Democrats' most talented orator, did bait Adenauer into making a firmer commitment on Britain. The chancellor rose heatedly to say, "I am unequivocally in favor of British entry. I want Britain to believe my word."

The old chancellor had cleared the first Bundestag hurdle, and felt confident enough to have his cabinet —over Erhard's vehement objection —submit the Franco-German pact formally for ratification. This is clearly a tactical victory for Adenauer. Unfortunately, the pressures brought to bear on him both inside and outside his party have greatly reduced whatever chance he might have had to act as a mediator—equally devoted to both sides—between France and the other nations of the West.

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Washington Gives Canada An Election—and an Issue

WILLIAM H. HESSLER

On January 30 an unprecedentedly blunt declaration was issued by the State Department, telling Canada that it must accept nuclear bombs and warheads to contribute fairly to the common defense. A week later Prime Minister Diefenbaker's government fell.

To many onlookers, Washington's angry blast seemed like a reprimand to a naughty boy. It came at a moment when Diefenbaker was especially vulnerable, and it was released to the press and public only half an hour after its delivery to the Canadian embassy. Diefenbaker was obliged either to bow low to Washington and take the proffered nuclear weapons (thus seeming to be a mere U.S. puppet, which is political death in Canada) or else to shout his defiance of Washington, charge an "unwarranted intrusion" in Canadian affairs, and prepare for new elections on an openly anti-American platform.

Had Washington refrained from its public statement, Canada would have had general elections by late summer anyway, and nuclear weapons would have been a major issue. The campaign would have been a Canadian dialogue. Instead, the elections are coming much sooner, in early April; and they may turn largely on the question "Where is Canada to be governed—from Ottawa or from Washington?"

Our cancellation of Skybolt let an ally, Great Britain, down. The thrust at Ottawa was a case of trying to bully an ally. But the two had one important element in common. They arose from failure in the State Department to take adequate account of the internal political currents of two major allies—the two countries above all others whose politics American officials should find it easiest to understand and keep abreast of. To make matters worse, both the British and the Canadian governments were in trouble with their own parliaments and peoples.

It should not be supposed that Secretary Rusk and his colleagues did not have provocation. They had. It had been building up for more than four years in the case of Canada. In September, 1958, the Diefenbaker government, then enjoying an unprecedented majority at Ottawa, committed itself to acquire various missiles and aircraft, all particularly suited to U.S. nuclear weapons. Ottawa made no formal, final agreement to take those weapons, but such an agreement was plainly implied. In pursuance of this plan, Canada acquired fifty-six Bomarc missiles, which are nearly worthless for air defense without nuclear warheads, and sixty-four Voodoo interceptor planes, which are of limited value without nuclear-tipped rockets, plus limited numbers of tactical bombers and Honest John ground-to-ground rockets for Canadian forces in Europe.

Giving a variety of reasons for delay at various times, the Diefenbaker government never got around to ordering the nuclear weapons needed to make those planes and missiles fully effective. First of all, the nuclear charges, although stowed in Canada or Europe, would remain in the custody of U.S. military personnel and could be used by Canada's forces only at the President's order, in conformity with U.S. law. To many Canadians, that was an affront to Canadian sovereignty. Washington spoke amiably of "joint control" of such weapons, through NORAD (North American Air Defense). But this was unconvincing, if not hypocritical; although NORAD has a Canadian officer as second in command, its headquarters are in Colorado, it is headed by an American officer, and it answers to President Kennedy on any use of nuclear weapons.

Many responsible Canadians, including Howard Green, minister of external affairs, are earnestly opposed to any enlargement of the "nuclear club" and resolutely determined that Canada shall not set the bad example. To this argument, the U. S. government glibly responds, to quote its January 30 statement: "The provision of nuclear weapons to Canadian forces would not involve an expansion of independent nuclear capability, or an increase in the 'nuclear club' . . . [since] custody of U.S. nuclear weapons would remain with the U.S." This argument is not persuasive for Green and like-minded Canadians. There is also a more extreme and dogmatic ban-the-bomb element in Canada, perhaps not large but certainly vocal.

Diefenbaker was aware of all these arguments and pressures. He also was conscious of the fact that back in 1958 the Liberal opposition had been firmly against the decision (tentative or real) to acquire nuclear weapons. Even in January, 1961, Pearson told a Liberal rally in Ottawa, "We should not acquire or use nuclear weapons under any kind of national or joint control." And as recently as last April 30, a twenty-one-point declaration of the Liberal Party said that a Liberal government would not make Canada a nuclear power under current conditions. (By last December, however, there was evidence that the Liberals were reassessing their position.) Meanwhile, more and more Canadians began to suspect that the more or less obsolescent Bomarc was really for the defense of the United States, not the protection of Canada's major cities.

For these and other reasons, the prime minister kept postponing a final decision. (And it should be said that for him indecision comes easily.) Then came the general election of June 18, 1962, in which he was repeatedly taunted for his failure to decide. So he announced a policy: his government would *not* accept the distasteful nuclear arms, but would acquire them "instantly" if war should come. This was an evasion and was generally so regarded, in Canada as well as in Washington. The Progressive-Conservatives (PCs) fared badly in that election, and Diefenbaker saw the greatest majority in Canada's parliamentary history (208 seats out of 265) melt away to 116. Only with the support of thirty Social Credit mem-

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bers, who were unpredictable allies, was he able to continue in power. From June onward, he was vulnerable to the slightest whim of Robert N. Thompson, the Social Credit leader, or even of Thompson's deputy, Réal Caouette, the disciplinarian of the disgruntled French-Canadian wing of the Social Credit bloc.

Increasingly impatient, Washington put on more (but still unobtrusive) pressure after the Cuban crisis of October. Still, Diefenbaker and Howard Green could not be brought to agree on the terms for the transfer of nuclear weapons to Canadian bases. In the middle of last month, scenting political victory, the Liberals under Lester B. Pearson began to turn on the heat. By easy stages, and not without some criticism from within his own party, Pearson had been shifting his (and its) position on the crucial issue. He now held that the Canadian government had a moral if not a legal commitment to accept nuclear weapons. Unless and until Canada's basic role in the common defense was revised by NATO, he argued, Canada should have nuclear weapons for the carriers it had acquired. (To be sure, he qualified his stand a bit later, suggesting that the Liberals, if brought to power, would seek from NATO a new definition of Canada's position—perhaps releasing it from a nuclear assignment, as a kind of conscientious objector against the nuclear age.)

The prime minister was by now on the spot. With a shaky government and under mounting opposition attack, he produced another pretext for inaction. The Nassau declaration of Kennedy and Macmillan had spoken in vague terms of a multinational nuclear force, and some Canadians read into it a possibility of some adjustment of the decision-making machinery for the release of nuclear weapons so that it would not be just a matter of President Kennedy lifting a red telephone. The debate also revealed, for the first time in public, that the United States and Canada had been wrangling for three months in secret over the matter. On top of this, the Canadian leader, undertaking to evaluate changes in U.S. and NATO grand strategy, suggested that the new emphasis on conventional weapons and the downgrading of land-based medium-range nuclear striking power made it unnecessary for Canada to have nuclear weapons on its soil.

By now Douglas Harkness, the defense minister, a strong advocate of acquiring nuclear weapons, had stepped onto the stage. To "clarify" the prime minister's earlier statements, Harkness confirmed the negotiations with the United States and "interpreted" the Diefenbaker speech to mean that Canada positively would acquire nuclear weapons. Confronted by this open revelation of the split in the cabinet, the prime minister would say only that his previous statement "needed no clarification." The plain fact was that Diefenbaker's position was unclarifiable, for he was torn between Green's firm opposition to nuclear arms and Harkness's equally firm demand for them. He has leaned to Green's side, but his principal speech in Commons on the topic offered verbal comfort to both factions in the sort of semantic straddling at which he is a virtuoso. The Montreal *Star* observed editorially of the speech: "Leaping thus from confusion to confusion, the Prime Minister wound up taking his stance on the biggest confusion of all: the pious hope that the development of a Polaris-submarine NATO deterrent, which is strategic weaponry, will somehow relieve Canada of her commitments on the ground and in the air, which are in the quite different realm of the tactical."

Diefenbaker Goes Down

All this was provocation enough for Washington. The public record is not clear on the exact parentage of the January 30 statement: it would appear to have been put together with the help of the Pentagon and of White House officials. In answer to a question as to whether he had seen the final statement, Secretary Rusk said that he was familiar with its substance. Whatever the details may be, it caused an immediate uproar. And Diefenbaker responded in the only way a wounded animal, especially a political animal, can when cornered. He denounced the American statement, and especially the manner of its public release, as improper interference in Canada's affairs. Canada, he asserted, means to be a firm ally, but not a satellite.

The leaders of the other three parties in Commons at once joined the prime minister in condemning American interference in Canada's private controversy. But all three, in greater or lesser degree, also criticized Diefenbaker for provoking the U.S. move by his inaction. Lester Pearson renewed his offensive. Robert Thompson picked up his thirty members and removed them from the parliamentary chessboard, depriving Diefenbaker of his working majority. From that point onward, the head of the Canadian government had only about 116 votes in a House of 265. He had to decide quickly whether to dissolve the House and go to the country, or wait for defeat in the House and face new elections anyway.

Defense Minister Harkness resigned in protest against his chief's refusal to budge on the weapons issue, further weakening the Diefenbaker phalanx. After a weekend of tactical political planning, the prime minister chose (or was persuaded) to stand and fight. On February 5 he talked ninety minutes in the final debate, which came on two no-confidence motions. Except for two Social Credit members, the opposition was solid. The government was defeated, 142 to 111.

If what the Kennedy administration sought to get was a formal decision at Ottawa to take nuclear weapons, it was unsuccessful. If what it wanted, deep down, was to overthrow the Diefenbaker government, it succeeded. The administration's action has brought into being the most serious Canadian-American rift in a generation. It has hastened an election in Canada, and to some extent diverted it from the valid major issue of nuclear-weapons policy to the false and dangerous issue of Canada's right to govern itself.

There were plenty of danger signals to warn the State Department against the impulsive and punitive action it took:

¶ Diefenbaker originally was elected on an anti-U.S. platform—mild, but unmistakable.

¶ Unlike his chief rival, Lester Pearson, the prime minister has nearly always approached foreign-

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policy questions in terms of domestic politics.

¶ Canadians in large numbers have been increasingly restive as they have seen more signs of U.S. pressure on Ottawa, more U.S. ownership of Canada's industry, more cultural encroachments. Anti-Americanism was latent but flammable.

¶ A special danger period commenced last summer, when Canada was forced to embark on minority government and Diefenbaker was kept chronically on the defensive.

¶ A Gallup Poll taken just before the Canadian-American crisis broke showed the Liberals getting the support of forty-seven per cent of the Canadian electorate, the Progressive-Conservatives thirty-two per cent. It clearly wouldn't take much to topple Diefenbaker.

Pearson's Innings

What is bothering a great many Canadians—and Britons and Frenchmen—is America's insistence on keeping for itself ultimate control of the ultimate weapon, while pressing its NATO partners to take on more of the burden of united defense, and also assigning from Washington the roles and missions of the lesser members of the team. More concretely, many Canadians, not necessarily jingoists or Yankee baiters, are apprehensive about entrusting their lives and fortunes to two foreign institutions, the White House and the Pentagon, which to many Canadians seem war-minded.

Canadians will be voting on April 8. Despite the restraining efforts of various colleagues, Diefenbaker will be campaigning on a platform of keeping the government of Canada in Ottawa. He will try, with what success we cannot foretell, to paint Lester Pearson as a puppet and hireling of the White House and Pentagon—an effort he has already begun. Diefenbaker's star has been waning for many months. Without this upset, he probably would have been replaced by Pearson, for elections were bound to come by summer, and the Progressive-Conservatives seemed certain to lose much more heavily than before to the Liberals in Ontario and Quebec, and even in the Maritime Provinces. But in the chauvinistic climate created by the Kennedy administration's rebuke, the French Canadians especially may shy away from Pearson and his demand that although Canada should seek a reassessment of its nuclear role at some future time, it must for the present honor its pledge.

On the other hand, the PC Party as an organization is in serious disorder, and the blame is commonly placed on Diefenbaker personally. This was confirmed on February 9, when Trade Minister George Hees and Acting Defense Minister Pierre Sevigny resigned.

Neither party really wants a campaign fought strictly on the weapons issue. Thus the Progressive Conservatives are likely to lose strength (from last June) because the prime minister is much discredited, but flaring anti-U.S. feeling counteracts that trend. A fair guess is that the Liberals will gain substantially, despite the chauvinist drift, and will have enough seats to form a government, although perhaps not one built on a clear working majority of the Liberal Party in Commons.

One thing, at any rate, is quite certain. It would have been far better—for Canada and the United States and the western alliance—if Canada's moral-political-technical problem of nuclear weapons had been resolved by the Canadians, without public intervention by the U.S. government. The care and feeding of allies is an exacting business.

WHAT THE FUSS WAS ALL ABOUT

Here is the text of a statment intended to clarify the U.S. position on negotiations concerning nuclear weapons for the Canadian armed forces. It was issued by the Department of State on January 30; Prime Minister Diefenbaker's government fell on February 6.

The Department has received a number of inquiries concerning the disclosure during a recent debate in the Canadian House of Commons regarding negotiations over the past two or three months between the United States and Canadian Governments relating to nuclear weapons for Canadian armed forces.

In 1958 the Canadian Government decided to adopt the BOMARC-B weapons systems. Accordingly, two BOMARC-B squadrons were deployed to Canada where they would serve the double purpose of protecting Montreal and Toronto as well as the U. S. deterrent force. The BOMARC-B was not designed to carry any conventional warhead. The matter of making available a nuclear warhead for it and for other nuclear-capable weapons systems acquired by Canada has been the subject of inconclusive discussions between the two governments. The installation of the two BOMARC-B batteries in Canada without nuclear warheads was completed in 1962.

In addition to the BOMARC-B, a similar problem exists with respect to the modern supersonic jet interceptor with which the RCAF has been provided. Without nuclear air defense warheads, they operate at far less than their full potential effectiveness.

Shortly after the Cuban crisis in October 1962, the Canadian Government proposed confidential discussions concerning circumstances under which there might be provision of nuclear weapons for Canadian armed forces in Canada and Europe. These discussions have been exploratory in nature; the Canadian Government has not as yet proposed any arrangement sufficiently practical to contribute effectively to North American defense.

The discussions between the two governments have also involved possible arrangements for the provision of nuclear weapons for Canadian NATO forces in Europe, similar to the arrangements which the United States has made with many of our other NATO allies. During the debate in the House of Commons various references were made to recent discussions at Nassau. The agreements made at Nassau have been fully published. They raise no question of the appropriateness of nuclear weapons for Canadian forces in fulfilling their NATO or NORAD obligations.

Reference was also made in the debate to the need of NATO for increased conventional forces. A flexible and balanced defense requires increased conventional forces, but conventional forces are not an alternative to effective NATO or NORAD defense arrangements using nuclear-capable weapons systems. NORAD is designed to defend the North American continent against air attack. The Soviet bomber fleet will remain at least throughout this decade a significant element in the Soviet strike force. An effective continental defense against this common threat is necessary.

The provision of nuclear weapons to Canadian forces would not involve an expansion of independent nuclear capability, or an increase in the "nuclear club." As in the case of other allies custody of U. S. nuclear weapons would remain with the U. S. Joint control fully consistent with national sovereignty can be worked out to cover the use of such weapons by Canadian forces.

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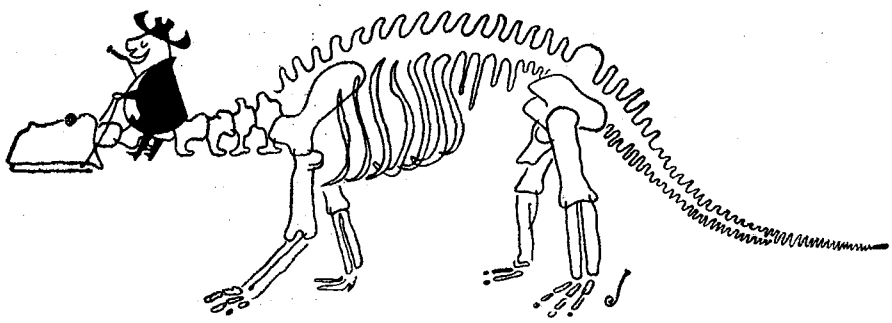


Whither the Republicans?

ROWLAND EVANS, JR.

Ask the Republicans in Congress what's the matter with their party and you'll get two hundred different answers. They range from the sublime ("What we need is Caroline Kennedy") to the ridiculous ("There's nothing wrong with the Republicans. We still have our principles").

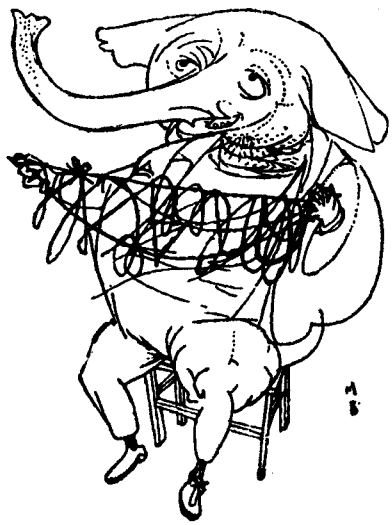
The Republican Party in Congress needs more than its principles, whatever they are, and more even than Caroline Kennedy. The first thing it needs is that quality defined as "skillful management in getting the better of an adversary" —a strategy. The second is what Governor William Scranton of Pennsylvania, until lately a member of the Republican minority in Congress, calls "an infectious kind of exuberance"—in other words, a new and more enticing "image."

The Congressional Republicans must be the seedbed of the party's strategy. There is no other place today and, considering the bleak prospect in 1964, probably won't be until 1968 at the earliest. The Republican minority in Congress has been preoccupied with the hit-and-run tactics of guerrilla warfare, instead of devising a basic strategy to exploit the weakness of the Kennedy administration and project a clear picture of alternative policies. Recently, and for the first time since the election of 1960, these tactics have been criticized by the younger Republicans who want to do better.

During the eight years of Dwight D. Eisenhower the White House was a beacon for the Republican Party in Congress. The Eisenhower program became the program of the Congressional leaders, Representative Charles A. Halleck and Senator Everett M. Dirksen. From Barry Goldwater to John Lindsay, the Congressional Republicans more or less followed the beacon.

But that all ended with the election of 1960. The erosion of party consensus that imperils every minority has proceeded to split the Congressional Republicans into a babble of contradictory noises. With no White House beacon to follow, the Republicans are reduced to cliques and factions without common plan or direction. And their image on Capitol Hill is an image of old men and musty ideas.

Governor Scranton diagnosed the Republican disease speaking in New York recently. Without specifically referring to Congress, he said: "The Democrats have been positive and tricked us into being negative. Part of the answer is that our opponents have frequently been much better than we at spreading an infectious kind of exuberance."



But to Senator Dirksen, who appeared on *Meet the Press* two days later, everything seems to be hunky-dory. "I think we," he said, referring to Representative Halleck and himself, "have done a pretty fair job of speaking for the party and presenting the party's views and the party's policy . . . if the basic concept [of a Kennedy legislative proposal] is bad, you are under no obligation to come along with an alternative. You just reject it out of hand, like that." Governor Scranton's "infectious exuberance" has quite obviously not infected Senator Dirksen.

The fact is that the phrase "minority party" does not really describe the debilitation of the Republican Party in Congress today. The Republicans are the habitual minority. They have controlled Congress for only four out of the past thirty-one years. In the election last November, they contrived to lose four seats in the Senate and barely held their own in the House.

For an habitual minority, consensus is elusive. Each factional leader has his own conviction on how to win the next election and a divine mission to proclaim and defend it without fear of contradiction from a higher source. There is no President to enforce a consensus or make basic strategy and there is no higher source.

Civil rights is an excellent example. Conservative Republicans are far more interested in building Republican strength in the South than in identifving their party with a strong position on civil rights. They fear that Northern Negroes will continue to vote Democratic no matter what the Republicans may do. Consequently, they forfeit what seems to be an open invitation to exploit the North-South split in the Democratic Party. It would be too much to say that they are content to let the issue go by default. But it ranks far down on their list of

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priorities, behind such issues as spending, states' rights, and the growing power of the Executive. As they view it, the party's energies ought to be expended in the exploding suburbs and among the disenchanted middle-class voters in the South who, Senator Goldwater believes, are ready to come into the Republican Party in ever swelling numbers.

The big-city Republicans in the North, led by Senator Jacob Javits and Representative Lindsay, have a wholly different strategy on civil rights. Lindsay discussed it the other day. "We must be very careful that we stand firmly on civil rights. If we soft-pedal this issue we might as well write off the party. The Republican Party has to work and win in the big cities. That is where the balance of political power lies. There are natural reasons for the Republicans to increase their strength in the South, but we must be very careful that we do not fuzz up our traditional party commitment to civil rights."

The difference between conservative and liberal positions on civil rights is more than a difference of emphasis or degree; it is a fundamental difference of strategy. Along with differences on so many other issues—labor, education, health insurance—it must be substantially narrowed before the Republican minority can offer an identifiable program of what it really stands for.

It is true that the area of disagreement between Senator James O. Eastland and Representative Emanuel Celler, the Democratic chairmen of the Senate and House Judiciary Committees, is far wider on the civil-rights question than it is between Senator Goldwater and Representative Lindsay. But there is an important distinction. The Democrats have an accepted national position on civil rights, a basic strategy directed from the White House, which overrides the regionalism of the Southern conservatives. Eastland can block civil-rights bills in the Senate but he can't destroy the pro-civil-rights position of the national wing of the party. He knows that his chairmanship depends on the election of Northern Democrats who, with the Southern conservatives, give the Democrats their majorities. If the Democrats should lose the Negro vote in the North they might well lose their majorities in Congress. Then Eastland and all his Southern friends would forfeit their command posts in Congress. This is the paradox of the Democratic Party and the Democrats quietly make the most of it. The disagreement between the Goldwater conservatives and the Lindsay liberals, on the other hand, is a luxury the Republicans cannot afford. It demonstrates that the Republicans, who in another era had a monopoly on civil rights, are now perilously close to having no strategy at all.

The Ford in Their Future

Just before the Eighty-eighth Congress convened on January 9, a few of the younger Republicans in the House who had been brooding about the strategy vacuum decided to do something about it. Cloaking their maneuver in secrecy and displaying considerable political acumen, they took soundings and uncovered a surprising number of allies. They nominated Representative Gerald R. Ford, Jr., of Michigan, to oppose Charles B. Hoeven, a Republican fixture from Iowa, for the post of chairman of the Republican Conference. Ford won in a close vote, although Hoeven was backed by Halleck and Leslie C. Arends, the Republican whip, all three men belonging to the generation that has been running party affairs in the House for the last twenty years.

The vote was a signal that the younger and newer Republicans were unhappy at the way their party was being run. Today a majority of all House Republicans have been there eight years or less, which shows how the balance of power is shifting to the younger generation.

At forty-nine, Ford is no spring chicken, but neither is he a caricature of an old-time politico. He is well equipped to compete with the image of youth and energy that has become the trademark of the Kennedy administration. Just by itself, this exchange of youth for age is a notable thing for the Republicans. As chairman of the Republican Conference, Ford is in position to help make Republican strategy. He has authority to call meetings of the Conference (which is made up of all Republicans in the House), plan the agenda, and control the discussion. Soon after his election he used the Conference to open up the whole question of the minority's right to have committee staff in proportion to the number of Republicans in the House. He also appointed a committee to write Republican policy on the question of a nuclear test-ban treaty and to invite experts to brief the Conference on some of the implications—the first time in recent memory that the Conference has had a briefing on anything. A Republican position paper is being drafted to conform with the view of the Conference, and this will be a big step toward creating a consensus on a major issue.

Though a conservative, Representative Ford also encouraged civil-rights partisans in the House, headed by Representative Lindsay, to draft a strong Republican bill which was introduced with appropriate fanfare on January 31. The bill will end up in a committee pigeonhole, but it demonstrates that in the House, at least, the Republican Party is trying to adopt a strategy. Surprising indeed was the endorsement of the bill by some of the leading Republican devotees of the so-called coalition of Conservative Republicans and Southern Democrats. Their names on the civil-rights bill indicate the shaky position of the coalition today. Its collapse would help the Congressional Republicans, who for too long have dissipated their energies in the interests of the Southern Bourbons without getting much in return.

To these small beginnings must be added the undoubted success of

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Republican Party Chairman William E. Miller and the Ford Republicans in broadening and brightening the "Ev and Charlie Show," a weekly televised meeting with the press by Senator Dirksen and Representative Halleck. "If we're going to win elections we've got to have people who can project ideas in a forceful and attractive way, and much as I like Ev and Charlie, they don't fill the bill," a prominent Republican remarked not long ago. The press, which attended and reported the pair diligently, was having a field day poking fun at them, not so much for what they said but for how they looked when they said it—a slightly comical study in contrast, like an old-time vaudeville team.

The first thing Chairman Miller did was to cut out the National Committee budget for the Ev and Charlie Show—a modest $40,000 to pay the salary of Robert Humphreys, chief of the Joint Leadership staff, and his assistants. Miller then encouraged a campaign among other Republicans to convince Dirksen and Halleck that, teamed in full view of millions of American voters, they were the best secret weapon the Democrats had. The two leaders have now agreed on a compromise that continues the press conference but should remove its label as the Ev and Charlie Show. They will take turns going before the Kleig lights, Halleck one week, Dirksen the next, and each of them will take notable Republican guest stars along.

WHETHER the new format will encourage an "infectious exuberance" is open to question. But it is a move in the right direction and will give the party's most attractive leaders—Governors Rockefeller, Scranton, Romney, Hatfield, and others, and the younger members of Congress—an exposure that the party desperately needs.

The task confronting the Congressional Republicans is formidable, but these tentative approaches toward devising a political strategy and a more enticing image indicate that they are trying to come to grips with it. The younger members of the party are now making their influence felt, at least in the House.

Foreign Aid: How Firm a Foundation?

RITCHIE CALDER

IN THE MIDDLE of the Damodar Valley, "the Ruhr of India," there is a signpost that reads "DURGAPUR JUNGLE." Within walking distance of the great steelworks, the industrial factories, and the workers' housing developments there are Bengal tigers, panthers, and deadly cobras. In a clearing within a quarter of a mile of the busy main road stands a temple of Kali, the "dark mother" of Hindu mythology, four-armed, with bloodstained breasts and fanglike teeth, the goddess of death and destruction.

Up the jungle path to the temple came a barefooted Indian whom I had last met in the impressive office from which he ruled a huge industrial plant and where we had discussed projects involving hundreds of millions of rupees. He came to join in the Kali rituals, which include blood sacrifice, the beheading of a living goat. Presently, with a scarlet smear on his brow, he went back to his chauffeur-driven limousine at the edge of the jungle and drove to his executive suite for a session of bargaining with a group of international financiers.

Ten years ago, all Durgapur was jungle. Then the Damodar, the River of Sorrows, whose floods once regularly drowned the whole of lower Bengal right up to the gates of Calcutta, was mastered. A series of barrages was built, from the mountains of Bihar to Durgapur. This multipurpose project was first proposed by W. L. Voorduin of the TVA to prevent floods, to produce hydroelectricity, to irrigate the valley and give three crops a year, and to provide a navigation canal from Durgapur to Calcutta, 115 miles away. The hydroelectric stations were supplemented by large steam-power plants at Bokaro and Durgapur.

It is incredible what has happened in those ten years. An immense industrial complex has come into being on the borders of Bihar, Bengal, and Orissa, where India's biggest coal and iron-ore deposits are now linked with electricity and safe water supplies. The Tata Iron and Steel Works and the Indian Iron and Steel Works, two of India's great private concerns, have expanded there with substantial help from the World Bank. The bank has also assisted the Damodar Valley Corporation with thermal power plants and irrigation plans. In the complex are locomotive works, fertilizer plants, heavy engineering, glassworks, aluminum production, oxygen manufacture, and proliferating light industries. Dominating all these are three state-owned iron-and-steel plants, built for India by the Soviet Union, Britain, and West Germany. A fourth is projected under American sponsorship.

Stupendous! And all according to

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Hoyle—or at least according to Walt W. Rostow. His theory of economic growth, which has fostered so much of the rhetoric of current planning for the developing countries, has specified three stages: (1) "Transitional" or "pre-investment," in which the political and social changes take place, when the infrastructure of roads, ports, etc., is created, and when two or three basic industries are established. (2) "Take-off," during which rapid industrial growth sets in on the basis of those heavy industries, when there is a gravitational flow of investment, and when, quite quickly, the growth becomes self-sustaining. (3) "The drive to maturity," when the growth slows down but consolidates by diversification. This is followed by high mass consumption, in which the products of economic growth become available as a higher standard of living for the people.

That, to be sure, was the historical process of industrial evolution in Europe and America; now the developing countries want to compress it into a single generation. But experience over the past sixteen years has made a lot of thoughtful people question whether economic growth for these countries must be synonymous with aggressive industrialization. All such governments assume that heavy industry, great dams, and above all iron and steel plants are the precondition to self-sustaining growth. They may be right—the Indian government obviously has no doubts—but it means cutting a lot of corners.

'Give Me Ten Thousand Teachers'

India is a country with an educated elite—capable administrators (including the one with the mark of Kali on his brow), brilliant scientists, and competent graduate technologists—but it is also a country of mass illiteracy. Britain during the Industrial Revolution had time to convert the manual skills of traditional craftsmen into machine processes. But the technology of the plants of the Damodar Valley is not one remove from craftsmanship; it is a new dimension.

The human material, indeed, is one of the developing countries' big problems. For one thing, there is too much of it. The population of India and most of the countries of Southeast Asia is increasing rapidly, thanks to medical advances and public-health measures. The Indian increase is now ten million a year. No matter how much more efficiently modern machines may do the work, jobs have to be contrived for cohorts of unskilled labor. The latest machines may cut the coal but it will still be carried away in baskets.

Intelligent compromises help make the most of the talents of even the most backward peoples. I went among the Santhals of the Bihar hills. They are a race apart from

their neighbors in Bengal and Bihar, aloof, black-skinned, and puritanical. They were recruited from the jungle to build the huge Panchet Dam and, properly handled, they proved to be capable and industrious workers. But it meant a lot of compromises; they would not transfer to the labor colonies but insisted on living in their jungle villages and doing their daily stint of cultivation to provide their own subsistence. In the workshop of the dam they set up the altar of Vishwakarma, the deity of engineering. Those Santhals have become good welders and good mechanics.

A severe handicap to industry in India, and for many other countries, is the dearth of foremen. There are no industrial *panchyats* as there are in villages to provide leaders for the factory floor. Anyway, they would need not only the attributes of leadership but also some education to give them the basis for technology. In Orissa the enlightened and dynamic chief minister, Biju Patnaik, said earnestly to me: "We have exchanged political imperialism for industrial dependence. The Germans have built us a steelworks but we are the hostages of their technology. How can we get our people trained to replace them, without adequate elementary schools to give any grounding? Give me ten thousand teachers and I will solve the problems of my state."

Orissa is both one of the richest and poorest parts of India. It is rich in minerals and in power potential, and its alluvial delta could make it a rice-exporting region, but there is abject poverty, gross malnutrition, widespread disease, and miserable schools. It is doing its utmost. It has called in the Food and Agricultural Organization and UNICEF in a self-help nutrition program that can serve as a model for the rest of India and other hard-pressed countries. But there as everywhere is this intractable problem of human material: how, even when school buildings are provided, can they be staffed?

THROUGHOUT the twelve countries of Southeast Asia I have visited recently, there is plenty of evidence of aid given, aid wasted, aid misdirected, and aid that shows what is possible. The physical evidence is more obvious than the beneficial social results, mainly because in the cold-war competition, bilateral aid has flattered the ambitions of governments or tried to impress the populace by "impact programs." Sometimes it has been pretty crude. In Afghanistan, the Soviets have been engaged in what appears to be a competition with the Americans to supply busses for the city of Kabul. In Nepal, the Americans gave the king an airplane; Red China gave him a powerful motor launch, although the lake at Katmandu is only an outsized swimming pool. In Indonesia, the Russians built a coliseum for the politics-bedeviled Asian Games; the Americans replied with a grandiose parkway with overpasses to cut through sections of the city of Djakarta, choked with the limousines provided by misdirected international aid.

In this competition, in which governments profess their neutrality by taking from all comers, there has been a distressing lack of planning

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at all levels, from the deciding of priorities to the implementation of projects. This is being corrected belatedly in some cases by co-ordinating aid, usually through a United Nations representative on the planning body, so that the U.N. becomes the catalyst. There is nevertheless a great deal of conflicting and confusing advice. In Nepal, for instance, the twenty-five-year-old head of the ministry of finance has had no less than eleven economic advisers wished on him. Their points of view include U.N., private foundational, capitalist, Marxist, Keynesian, and Rostowian.

According to Paul Hoffman, all the investment of the 1950's has added no more than one dollar a year per capita in the countries where the average income is a hundred dollars or less. Or put another way, all the efforts of the Indian textile industry have not added an inch to the average Indian's shirt; there are more shirts but there are also more people to wear them.

Moreover, the highly developed countries have been buying cheap and selling dear so that all the efforts by the developing countries to earn their keep have been frustrated. Dag Hammarskjöld warned several years ago that a drop of five per cent in the world market price of a country's principal export could offset all the international aid it received—multilateral, bilateral, and private investment—in the course of a year. The drop in the value of many raw materials has been far more than that. The result is that the poor countries are poorer and the rich countries are much richer and the gap that President Truman's "bold new" Point Four program was intended to close fourteen years ago is now much wider.

WORSE than the imbalance of payments in developing lands is the plight of the individual. Central Java, one of the most intensively cultivated regions in the world, was once a rice exporter. Today it is dependent on U.S. surplus agricultural commodities. In spite of that and of all the enlightened measures—state seed farms, state fish-culture stations, better fertilizing, better irrigation, agricultural extension services—and unabating hard work by the industrious peasantry tilling their rice terraces, I have seen gross clinical malnutrition there, to a degree one would expect in a famine area. This is in a country that has received $2.1 billion in international aid in twelve years; whose population, the fifth largest in the world, is increasing by some two million every year; where the earnings of a worker on pretentious bilateral projects are not enough to buy his own rice (much less his family's) on the market; and where, when I was there, the official rate was forty-five rupiahs to the dollar and the unofficial rate was more than a thousand.

'Investment in People'

Obviously the time has come for a thorough reappraisal of the nature of aid. This the United Nations has already done in its insistence during the World Development Decade on "investment in people." Many U.S. officials have come around to this view too, and it is to be hoped that the departure of Fowler Hamilton as director of AID does not represent any retreat from this policy.

By "investment in people" is meant the recognition that in the densely populated countries the real "infrastructure" and the precondition of "take-off," to use Professor Rostow's terminology, lie in human beings. If you are going to build an industrial plant in a bog, you have to pile-drive it, and the same is true of the morass of poverty.

What we regard as social services —better health, better nutrition, better education, better advanced training—were, over the centuries of industrial development, a product of surplus wealth, and in their turn they produced greater wealth, even space satellites. But if developing countries are to be helped, the process has somehow to be reversed. People who are sick from endemic diseases cannot produce; if they cannot till or earn, they are malnourished; if they are sick and hungry, they cannot learn; if they cannot learn (and that means schools as well), they cannot be trained to be efficient in industry.

"Investment in people" has been clearly endorsed in the charters of the various U.N. specialized agencies, and over the years a great deal has been done through expanded technical assistance to provide funds to demonstrate the possibilities of this kind of investment. Now it is an integrated concept. UNICEF has been saving the children over the years, and the lives it saved twelve years ago are now entering their teens. They are the schoolless and the workless or the aimless who are drifting in from the villages to the cities. So UNICEF is now moving into social-service work and education, and is helping, through improved agriculture, to ensure their better nutrition. Through Special Fund and Technical Assistance Fund financing, the World Health Organization, the Food and Agricultural Organization, UNESCO, and the International Labour Office put more and more people in the field, and the Bureau of Social Service is taking an active role. With experts and equipment still limited by funds that are much less than those of bilateral aid, these U.N. agencies are helping to train individuals to become instructors. The ILO and UNESCO have gone into the polytechnic, workshop training, and teachers' training fields. In Bombay I saw a polytechnic institution where UNESCO had found an outlet for blocked rubles—Soviet contributions that must be taken in personnel or in kind. The teaching advisers were Russians, and the modern equipment was Russian-made.

THE NATIONS themselves now realize that material aid is not an unmixed blessing or a short cut to their industrial aspirations. They are looking more and more for improvements in their agricultural efficiency, in terms of feeding their increasing population and also in recognition that if the purchasing and saving power of their peasantry is increased their industrial development will be more soundly based. But above all, they want all the help they can get to produce the human material for their industrial program.

That plea of the chief minister of Orissa, "Give me ten thousand teachers and I will solve the problems of my state," finds an echo everywhere. The people themselves realize this too. The hunger for education is next only to the hunger for food.

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The Algerians on Their Own

JOHN K. COOLEY

ALGIERS

PREMIER AHMED BEN BELLA of Algeria is up and going by 6:30 in the morning. On one typical day he covered five hundred miles, visiting farms to settle disputes of the new workers' committees running them, reinstalled an evicted disabled war veteran in his home, dedicated a village mosque, and talked with visiting agricultural experts from Yugoslavia, France, and Poland.

Ben Bella has decided to place agriculture before all else. Nearly eight million of Algeria's ten million people must somehow wrest their living from the land, feed the swelling population of the cities, and earn foreign currency from Algeria's Common Market export customers, chiefly France. At the first congress of the General Union of Algerian Workers (UGTA) here in January, Ben Bella warned industrial workers not to expect pay increases or to "try to become a privileged class," since the peasant majority must first be given bread and jobs.

His impromptu inspections of the impoverished countryside have revealed to Ben Bella how much Algeria will have to rely on foreign aid, which, happily, has now begun to come through as security conditions and the political climate improve. U.S. Ambassador William J. Porter flew to Washington on January 22 for consultations that were intended to fix the level of American aid this year, and Assistant Secretary of State for African Affairs G. Mennen Williams toured Algeria for five days this month to project the shape of longer-range assistance to come. Before leaving, Ambassador Porter heard assurances that the UGTA would not leave the anti-Communist International Confederation of Free Trade Unions (ICFTU), and he saw much evidence that the Algerians wished to soothe American tempers aroused by Ben Bella's visit to Fidel Castro last October. The American embassy was delighted with the tenor of the Ben Bella-Porter talks held just before the ambassador's departure. "It was agreed," said a blandly worded official Algerian statement, "that rural renovation in Algeria is of prime urgency and that the technical and economic aid of the United States can be most effectively used in this domain."

THOUGH the Algerians have not made known their requirements in detail, preliminary plans stress the creation of new jobs for as many as possible of the three million impoverished farmhands, sharecroppers, and tenant farmers who, without their former employers, the departed French landowners, lack seed, machinery, and know-how to work the land. More than 200,000

have already been put to work on an ambitious reforestation program in Eastern Algeria directed by Jean Carbonare, a French member of the Christian Committee for Service in Algeria, a world-wide church organization. Workers are feeding their families with the sacks of American-aid wheat they receive as wages in kind. The workers have planted several thousand acres in Aleppo pines and are building irrigation works in the arid steppes and mountains of the east. In addition, the United States has allotted 332,973 tons of wheat since April, 1962, to the feeding of more than a million Algerians who are completely without work or means and are still living either in the camps or "regroupment settlements" where the French put them, or in the miserable little hamlets built by the returning refugees from Morocco and Tunisia last summer. Many church and relief groups, from the Quakers to the League of Red Cross Societies, are helping with various phases of both the reforestation and relief efforts.

This American help and the various bits and pieces of aid which have come in from various Communist and Arab countries—five hundred tractors from Yugoslavia bartered for Algerian farm products, loans reported to total about $50 million each from Kuwait and the United Arab Republic, sunflower seeds from Bulgaria—are secondary to the considerable effort President de Gaulle has promised. Algerian Finance Minister Ahmed Francis returned from Paris January 20 with firm assurances that France would commit $210 million in general aid this year. Further unspecified amounts are being advanced for agrarian reform, including compensation of French absentee owners whose land has been taken over by the rural *comités de gestion*, or peasants' committees. Additional French aid is also earmarked for continuing low-rent housing and industrial projects started under de Gaulle's Constantine Plan in 1959. The Bank of France will continue to guarantee Algerian currency, Francis said upon his return, but Algerian money is now to have its own bank of issue here, and the French franc reserves covering it will be transferred from Paris to the Banque d'Algérie.

Emigration's Consequences

With such solid encouragement, many less-developed lands would have reason for cautious optimism. The magnitude of the task here is so staggering, however, that Ben Bella's road toward what he conceives as a "non-Marxist, Islamic socialism," where the means of production will be gradually removed from French hands and nationalized, threatens to be long and hard. Setting an example of austerity through drastic cuts in government payrolls the first of the year was a psychologically important gesture, but only a gesture. And neither American wheat, French schoolteachers, Yugoslav tractors, nor Greek sheep seem likely to work changes in the grim economic and demographic prospect.

Less than 200,000 of the 1.1 million Europeans who lived here and kept

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the economy running remain. Ben Bella was unable to dissuade several hundred more from leaving in January, though by the end of the month the arrivals had begun to exceed departures for the first time in more than a year. There are about ten million Algerians, now increasing at a rate of three per cent each year. Though only about two million people live in all the larger cities, an exodus from the countryside has swelled the shantytown suburbs of Algiers, Oran, and Constantine, and the new arrivals are not finding work. Algerian workers still leave for France at the rate of several hundreds daily, and nearly 200,000 were there at the end of January. This reduces pressure here and somewhat increases national income through money sent home from France, but it also bleeds Algeria of some scarce skilled manpower.

In 1960, the last year for which a semblance of sound statistics is available, Algeria's gross national product was about $2 billion. This year, provided the winter planting and the next harvest go well, economists expect it to be about half that figure. The average per capita income in 1960 was about $145, but of course that included the much more affluent European population. The average Moslem had a yearly income of just over a hundred dollars. This January the UGTA estimated that the average earnings of those fortunate three million rural people who are working at least part time is about $45 a year—in a country where many vital commodities cost more than they do in the United States.

A FAMILY of nomads I saw moving into an empty European villa near the elegant Saint George Hotel here was living proof of the difficulty the nomads encounter in attempting to adapt themselves to urban conditions. Used to living in the open air, mother, father, and five small children were camping and cooking in the villa's garden. They complained of the lack of space for several sheep and cows they had brought with them, and which were accommodated in the villa's living and sitting rooms. When an English neighbor showed them how to pour waste water down a kitchen drain instead of into the street, they were astounded.

"We are completely recasting the old Constantine Plan," Ahmed Boumendjel, minister of reconstruction and one of Ben Bella's most able aides, told me. "We plan to wipe out nomadism if we can, both up here and down in the Sahara where it started. This means no more fancy apartment houses but lots of solid small houses that will have water and electricity and make the nomads settle down." French urbanizing schemes are out, and some suburban projects are to be rearranged to rescue slums and to free more land for truck gardening and other forms of intensive cultivation. Some of the potato seedlings being obtained from West Germany this winter are to be planted on sites the French planners had marked out for twelve-story dwellings.

Ben Bella and his associates on the FLN's political bureau have made agrarian reform the touchstone for achieving home-grown Algerian socialism. Like the mandates of Algeria's 194 parliamentary deputies, the time limit set by the political bureau runs out next September. The piecemeal "agrarian reforms" so far consist mainly in putting idle farmhands to work running the properties abandoned by some eight thousand French landowners, fewer than a thousand of whom have returned. These measures have succeeded or failed generally in the degree that the government has succeeded or failed in establishing its authority. In many areas, including the Kabylia Mountains Berber country, government officials have constant difficulty executing orders they receive from Algiers.

They have at least three other parallel powers to collaborate with and sometimes to compete against: the army, including both the official National People's Army (ANP) under Defense Minister Houari Boumedienne and remnants of the guerrilla forces that opposed Ben Bella last summer; the FLN itself, which sometimes is and sometimes is not also the government; and the UGTA, which in theory should be less of a competitor since its congress decided in January to accept government supremacy.

Governmental *comités de gestion* operate some abandoned farms, paying wages to the workers and profits into the national treasury. On others, committees run by the UGTA or by local military authorities have split the profits and thrown only scraps to the workers. When news of a flagrant case reaches Algiers, Ben Bella has been known to jump into a jeep, speed to the scene, and issue orders to remedy the situation.

The three million acres of abandoned farmland now classed as *biens vacants* are the first concern of the agrarian reformers. Often the new farm managers have little control over their workers. Basic skills are sadly lacking. The Yugoslav tractors arrived in time for winter sowing, but breakdowns were caused by failure to oil and grease them. The managers who have experience are often identified with the French régime and do not command respect.

Theory and Practice

The political bureau is proud of its efforts at Ain Mlila, in Constantine Province. Here Jean Carbonare and a vigorous FLN party hierarchy have managed to get eighty-four committees busy on 98,400 acres, of which 45,600 were fully sowed this winter. At the Fourchi pilot farm, the committee decided first to cultivate feed grains and then to develop a dairy co-operative. A co-operative store where farmers can obtain seeds and machinery at nominal cost operates at Ain Mlila, and the committees market their produce in a co-operative in Constantine.

Minister of Agriculture Amar Ouezgane, the government's chief agrarian reformer, has written theoretical studies of socialism, Communism, and land reform. He professed both the Moslem faith and Communism, and worked secretly in the 1940's to dissolve the ties that bound the Algerian Communist Party to the French Communists and place it directly under Moscow's supervision. Disgust with Moscow's heavy-handedness, disillusion with Yugoslavia's agrarian failures in 1948 and 1949, and horror at the mass liquidation of peasants in Communist China led to his break with the party. He was expelled for "nationalist deviation" in 1948 and helped to draft the FLN platform at the Soumman Congress in 1956.

"Our agrarian reform," says Ouez-

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gane, "will not consist of slicing land up into uneconomic small units. True, we must give the land to those who work it, but there is no point in systematically copying the reforms of other countries. We will take them into account but try to avoid their failures . . ."

SOME of Ouezgane's Algerian and western critics point out the vagueness of his pronouncements. They hope that enough technicians can be assigned to his ministry to provide guidance in problems never dealt with in Ouezgane's handbooks of theoretical socialism. But the man is a tireless worker, an indefatigable learner, and he seems to enjoy the full confidence of the political bureau, even though he is not a member.

European farmers who still operate their farms, numbering about eight hundred and including a few who left and then returned, constitute a second difficulty for agrarian reform. Ben Bella has promised them the profits of next fall's harvest but has made no commitments beyond this. Professor René Dumont, a French agronomist who toured rural Algeria at Ben Bella's invitation in December and January, recommended to the government that it first compel these *colons* to reinvest their earnings in the land, possibly through a decree that would penalize undercultivation. Then, Dumont suggested, mixed companies should be created to combine collective operation with the capital and technical skill of the old owner, guaranteeing him a "fair share" of the profits.

The third agrarian sector is that still controlled by the small peasants or fellahin. Though the FLN has promised them the return of the lands taken by the *colons* after 1830, they now feel forgotten and neglected. The Communist Party has been banned since last November, but its unofficial daily organ here, *Alger-Républicain,* chides Ben Bella for failing to do more for the fellahin, particularly urging breaking up farms of the 8,500 Algerian Moslem landowners who have farms of 240 acres or over. The argument, in part backed by the UGTA, is that this would increase total cultivation, since about forty-five per cent of all Algeria's arable land used to lie fallow each year even before the French owners left, and some of this was in the hands of Moslem property owners. However, Ben Bella so far has left them alone because they made sacrifices for the revolution and still are fairly good food producers. In explaining Algeria's brand of "Arab socialism" to Arab bankers and potential investors from Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, and Lebanon, the secretary of the FLN political bureau, Mohammed Khidder, gave assurances that private Arab property in Algeria would not be expropriated.

Ben Bella promises that ten new industrial plants will be built in 1963, but only two major industrial projects are currently under construction. Last September, the premier revived French plans to pipe 420 million cubic meters of Saharan natural gas a year to the western Mediterranean port of Arzew, Oran, and other points for conversion into liquid methane. Under agreements signed with the British Gas Council and Gaz de France, tankers will begin to load liquid methane for Europe in 1964. There is American and Canadian capital in the methane project, and various western firms are studying the possibilities of an Algerian petrochemical industry.

A Constantine Plan development featured in the glossy brochures the French published before independence was to be a big steel complex at Bône, on the eastern coast. Reconstruction ministry officials told me that the project is very much alive and prospects for getting some credits when the 1963 capital-goods budget is finally prepared look excellent. It would cost $180 million and eventually would produce 500,000 tons of steel a year. The project is related to construction of a big dam at Cheffia, thirty miles southeast of Bône. The dam was started in 1960, but work was all but suspended during the troubles of last summer. It is designed to irrigate about 60,000 acres of arid land and supply electric power and industrial water to the steel complex. Iron ore for the smelter would come from the deposits at Ouenza on the Tunisian frontier, south of Bône.

ALGERIA sets great store on Saharan gas and oil. Production was scarcely affected by Secret Army terrorism and the post-independence political disturbances. Around Hassi Messaoud, in the southwest, about fifty wells now pump 700,000 gallons monthly to the port of Bougie through a 350-mile pipeline. The line's annual capacity is 14 million tons. Farther east, at Edjeleh, there are about 125 productive wells, and oil flows out at the rate of about seven million tons a year through a pipeline crossing Tunisia to the Tunisian port of La Skhira. The pipeline earns about $5 million a year, but President Bourguiba closed it once during the Bizerte crisis with France, and some Algerians fear he might do it again if his political relations with Ben Bella continue to deteriorate, as they did in January.

The Hassi R'Mel gas fields have proved reserves of more than 1,000 million cubic meters. "The fields could easily produce thirty million tons this year and sixty million by 1965," a French gas technician who worked in them told me. And the large fields recently discovered in the south have not been fully explored. Under the Evian agreements, French companies have priority in allocation of new prospecting concessions. All Saharan energy is regulated by a joint French-Algerian board, the Organisme Saharien. Its

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Algerian chairman, Lamine Khan, has political control, but all the capital and technicians come from the French interests and combinations of French, American, British, and Dutch interests. The French economic position in the Sahara seems almost impregnable at the moment because Libyan oilfields are being developed rapidly, the world oil market is glutted, and France is probably the only country that would ever pay hard currency for Algerian oil.

LIKE Morocco and Tunisia, Algeria is under heavy pressure this year to settle the basic question of its ties with the Common Market. Algeria's position is peculiar and ambiguous. When France signed the Treaty of Rome setting up the European Economic Community, Algeria was juridically just as much a part of the EEC as Brittany in France or Sicily in Italy. Independent Algeria has made no move either to repudiate or to confirm these arrangements, and they continue in force for the present. But existing trade and customs arrangements with France, recognized by the Evian agreements, are highly preferential. France buys Algerian wine, oranges, and other products at artificially supported prices. None of these special arrangements exist between Algeria and other members of the Common Market. Once all the provisions of the Rome Treaty take effect in 1970-1973, French and Algerian planners ask in perplexity, how can France maintain this preferential arrangement with Algeria without extending it to its Common Market partners. And if Algeria leaves the Common Market, it will no longer be able to keep its preferential ties with France without agreement of the other members of the EEC. Here as in the rest of Africa, Communist propaganda and the genuine misgivings of the uncommitted countries about the Common Market operate against any objective public discussion of it.

Now that he seems to have abandoned sloganeering for hard work, Ben Bella faces the fact that along the road to socialism—Islamic or other—the capitalist way stations are many and the final destination is far beyond the horizon.

The Potato Throwers

A short story

ALMA STONE

JOHN HOWARD was eighteen when Mrs. Foster finally told him. "It's time for you to go, Hon. You ain't got to stay here no longer."

This shocked John Howard. "Are you crazy, Mama?" he said. "I ain't going nowhere from here. You took me in when I knee high and now I got this good-paying job I ain't leaving." He gave her a searching look across the kitchen table. "Unless you want me to clear out to make room for some more young ones like Eugene and Merrill."

She was making Eugene his favorite plum tarts, and moved over to let John Howard help her frill up the edges of the dough. "Now, you know I ain't trying to get rid of you," she said. "All I doing is planting a idea in your head."

"Plant it in some other head, then," said John Howard and he went to Eunice White, a friend of his foster mother.

"Come in," she said, "and meet my son, Petey. He a mixture of golden cocker and Eskimo spitz. Shake hands with John Howard, Petey."

John Howard shook the gently offered paw. "He sure a nice dog," he said.

"He done fell for you. Show him your little ice-cream bank, Petey."

Petey brought the bank from the bedroom and John Howard, delighted, made the expected contribution. Then he said, "I want to get Mama a hot pink dress for Mother's Day."

"Get her a beige," said Eunice. "She can wear it more." She had not seen John Howard for some time and kept looking at him. "She too ashy for pink."

"I think Mama a pretty color," said John Howard.

"All right," said Eunice, "we get her a pink nylon." She kept a machine and knew materials. When any of the big stores advertised free sewing lessons she took them as her natural right. The first colored person to live in her apartment house, she had had a hard pull, involving unpleasantness in the elevator and frequent fights with the super. She had been a fighter all her life but now she was sick and every week had to go back to the hospital for a checkup. "How's my best girl?" Her doctor was young and white and Southern and they both knew how to look when he called her his best girl. "If I had me a family to leave my dog with I'd be gone now." In the operation they had taken out most of her stomach and one of her kidneys.

"You're a brave girl."

"He mean I a dead duck," she told Petey when she got home.

SHE AND John Howard did not go all the way to town on the shopping trip but both were good dressers and walking down Broadway with John Howard, Eunice felt proud. John Howard wore a light-colored coat with checked pants, tight in the new stylish places. His hair was close-cropped under his little punched-up hat with just a cord for a band, Eunice noted. John Howard looked like a Jehovah Witness boy, but he was a Baptist, the way Mrs. Foster had brought him up. Or if out walking, any of her boys or little Francine saw a nice church and said they wanted to be a Methodist or a Pentecost, she let them be that; Merrill, the youngest, had decided to be a Black Muslim. John Howard and Eugene called him Mohammed X and on the street they would ask him which way was Mecca, and he would point out Mecca to them.

"I gonna put Merrill's and Eugene's name on the card, too," said John Howard.

The shop windows were full of dresses, sheaths and two-pieces, Chanel, on models like Jackie, high-

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headed, and a few princess styles coming back in. Some were the color John Howard wanted; but enjoying his company, Eunice made him go to several shops for the experience. "Besides, she too short for that one," she said. "She too skinny for that one, and this one cut too low on the chest."

"Mama ain't all that short and skinny," said John Howard. "She got a nice chest."

"The sleeves is a unbecoming length," she said, looking at John Howard. Where he learn to walk so straight like he going places? "The arms poke out."

"Mama got pretty arms."

Then she quit making remarks because it sounded like she was talking down Mrs. Foster and trying to get in with John Howard. "The main reason is," she said, "I want to walk on and eye me a dress for the Club Dance Saturday."

"Oh, you going to the dance, too, like Mama?" said John Howard.

"Sure I going. I used to be some stepper." He helped her over the curbstone and she got the courage to ask, "Why don't you come go with us? Me and Olive, my cousin, and your mama take a table."

"If I get back from the boat trip I going on that day I might just do that."

They walked on, side by side, looking in the shop windows. A men's store was showing bargains and John Howard, clothes-conscious but not too much, stopped to glance in the window at some sports shirts. When he looked in a window he pulled up slow, giving the signal first. Used to Petey—jerk, pull, jerk—she sometimes missed the cue and he smiled at her, waiting. She would step up then, catch his arm, and in a moment they would go on.

At last they picked out the hot pink dress.

"Your son has some taste," said the salesgirl.

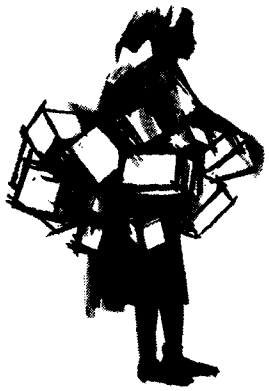
"He ain't my son," said Eunice. "He my best beau." She couldn't tell whether John Howard took to this or not, or even heard it, for he was busy paying out the money. "She give you the right change?" she asked on the way out.

"Sure she give me the right change."

"Some of 'em try to beat you," said Eunice. "Some of 'em think cause you're colored you're crazy and you can't count change." They walked on, mixing in with the crowd on the sidewalk. "Once when I a little girl in North Carolina picking up potatoes for Mr. LeMay, the white farmer, I throwed the biggest potato I could find right at his head." She looked up at John Howard to impress it on him. "He try to mischange me. Ain't nobody gonna mischange me."

"Me neither." John Howard escorted her through the crowd, tipping his hat when he jostled a stranger. Once, pushing toward the curb, he butted a little but only enough to pass.

"How come you don't walk nice like John Howard?" Eunice asked Petey when she got home. Sometimes she could still laugh outright, enjoying life, but the pains made her feel half cranky most of the time and often she took it out on Petey. Tonight she made herself eat her supper, jello and cottage



cheese, before she called Mrs. Foster. For a long time she had hid the phone and the TV from her Welfare investigator, but now she was sick beyond caring.

"What took you so long?" she asked when Mrs. Foster came to the phone.

"The boys showing me how to play the game of Go. Mr. Foster at the lodge."

Eunice stretched out on the bed. "He better get back real quick then," she said, "'cause I hear a young fellow say today you sure have a nice chest."

Mrs. Foster giggled into the phone and lowered her voice. "I think you gonna have a visitor tomorrow."

"You do?" said Eunice, sitting up. "Get off my stomach, Petey." Her whole stomach was sore and burned from radium treatments. "Who coming?" She spoke into the receiver again. "Merrill?" She tried it out, fishing. "Eugene?"

"Guess again."

"Move to the bottom of the bed with your toys, Petey, and quit loving up to me," said Eunice, and into the phone, "Tell me some what John Howard like when you first got him. Petey fit right in my hand. The white lady that left me the dress frame give me Petey. He look like a blond ball of fur."

"John Howard look like a lonesome little old black boy," said Mrs. Foster. "But he always a independent little thing."

"Like me," said Eunice.

"Yeah, he is like you," said Mrs. Foster after a moment. "Stick out his nose at anybody. Still," she said, "I raises all my children to be independent."

"You sure does," said Eunice. "All except little Francine." But she felt sorry she had said it and went on quickly, "Petey want me to hang up now and throw the rubber carrot."

"And the boys is calling me back to the game," said Mrs. Foster.

The next day she was due to go to the hospital but afraid she would miss John Howard, Eunice skipped it and cleaned up the two and a half rooms. After that she and Petey rested on the bed and looked at TV: *The Price Is Right* (she guessed away off), then their stories. In the afternoon, super pounded on the door: Petey had wet the hall floor, he shouted, and he was going to get rid of them both. Later, some ladies from the church came, said a prayer, and left a dollar.

But it was after supper before John Howard arrived. "Why, John Howard!" said Eunice. "Petey and me afraid we wasn't gonna see you no more."

"I your best beau, ain't I?" They both laughed and he said, "I want you to help me make this shirt for the boat ride. I cut it out like one in the shop window but I can't get these edges right."

She spread it out on the bed. "Black. Got a bateau neck. For the

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boat." She laid the pattern on it. "I bet you got stung on this material."

"I bet I didn't," he said.

"Well, you done strip it too much," she said. There were peaks in front and back and the shirt was to be worn outside the pants. "I got to get some fullness in the armhole here. When you put your arm around a girl you got have this fullness here." She marked the pattern with a pin and asked casually, "Ain't you ever put your arm around no girl?"

"I ain't never cut out no shirt before," said John Howard.

"You must have some girl going with you," said Eunice. "I never heard of going to this trouble if some girl ain't going."

"I ain't say no girl ain't going, did I, Petey?"

Eunice folded up the shirt. "Leave it till tomorrow," she said. "Now come help me and your ice-cream pal treat us to some beer."

Next morning the one remaining kidney flared up and she knew she had to go back to the hospital. "What's the matter with my best girl?" asked her young doctor. She had waited her turn to see him and they were both tired and nervy by the time she got to him. "How's my old kidney girl?" "Yeah, you can cut out a kidney, all right," she said, "but I know a young fellow, better looking than you is, can cut out a shirt."

"Double up on the pills and come back next week," he said.

"Next time I come back here it be for good. But I don't know what's gonna happen to my dog lessen you take him."

"You're a brave old girl," he said, and went on to another patient.

EUNICE called up her cousin. "Olive, Petey asked me to tell you he like a nice home at the Ritz with you and your madame when his old mama go."

"They ain't allowed," said Olive. "Why, where you going? Down home?"

She hung up and took the pills. They helped some and in the afternoon she walked in the park with Petey. Don't jerk me, baby, she said, and Petey would try to walk easy, not jerking. Spring had come in pretty, with the locust in bloom and Eunice thought about North Carolina some, about the farm and Mr. LeMay and the potato, how she had thrown it, reaching up, aiming, and flinging it with all her might. She would have thrown it if she had died. For a while she let Petey run free and she sat thinking about it: how her mama had hit her about the potato and she had hit her back. She thought of the years when she was well and working, a dresser and a stepper, too busy to get lonesome. She thought a little about Lloyd, her husband. They had lived together, childless, then he humped his shoulder at her. "Don't hump your shoulder at me," she said. "I ain't like for nobody to hump their shoulder at me after I known 'em for fifteen years." And he had humped his shoulder again and left her.

By night, when John Howard came, Eunice was feeling better and they worked on the shirt. She sat at the machine and John Howard stood over her and watched, or threw the rubber carrot for Petey. The dress model, made to the size of its original owner, stood by the machine and Eunice fitted the shirt over it. She and John Howard laughed together; the frame was short and plump, and where the shirt ended the peaks in front and back hung low.

"Low bridge ahead!" said John Howard, just for fun. He cupped his hands over his mouth and did it like a sailor. "Watch out for lo-ow bridge ahead! The shirt makers are coming through!" Then they laughed again and had a beer.

"Why don't you say nothing cute like that?" she asked Petey when John Howard had gone. She had held back on the shirt, not quite finishing it.

The next morning she felt bad again, but pulling in the waist of her new spring suit, too big already, she went out and bought her dress for the dance. It was a cool green over a deeper tone of taffeta slip, and when John Howard came by to get the shirt she showed him her purchase. Sweet peas would look pretty on it, she thought. "Or how about a gardenia corsage?"

"Anything be pretty." John Howard threw the rubber carrot for Petey. It landed in the kitchenette and when Pete couldn't get it from under the sink John Howard went right after it. "I want to pay you for the shirt," he said.

"Oh, no, I enjoy it. Spend the money on something else," she said. "Spend it on your girl."

"I might just do that," said John Howard.

THE BELL rang early next morning and she opened the door, smiling, half expecting it. But it was super. Petey had wet the floor in the lobby, he said. "Petey ain't wet nothing," she said. "And quit trying to discriminate me in that neat, nasty way. I gonna stay in this house till I die and then my ghost gonna stay."

Later in the afternoon she gave up. Get your ice-cream bank, she ordered Petey. When they came back from their walk she dressed. It was then that the pains began. The double dose of pills eased them temporarily and she waited for her cousin Olive to blow in from the Ritz Tower. Sporting a blue peau de soie dress her madame had given her, Olive pinned a purple orchid on the shoulder.

"My madame bought me this corsage," she said.

"My son Petey bought me mine," said Eunice. She dressed in a more tailored way than Olive, and didn't dance any more on account of the pains, but she had engaged a table at the dance, and took fried chicken and Olive brought a bottle. They had a couple of drinks, listening to the music.

"You good-looking girls like to dance?" a man asked.

"No, thank you." They knew he had spotted the bottle and the chicken.

Wearing the hot pink and bringing plum tarts, Mrs. Foster came in late, alone.

"How Eugene and Merrill?" Eunice tried to hide her disappointment. "How poor little Francine after you give up on her?"

Francine was mental, but Mrs. Foster had raised her up with John Howard and he called her Sister. Boys would say, "Francine, pull up your dress," and Francine would pull up her dress anywhere. John Howard would fight the boys about Francine. "Francine, do you under-

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THE REPORTER

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stand what I'm saying?" you would ask her. "Yes," say little Francine. And a few minutes later, "Francine, did you understand what I said a while ago?" "No," say little Francine.

"I ain't visit her since last weekend," said Mrs. Foster. "But Francine fine. She in a nice Home."

"How my shirt pal, John Howard?" Eunice asked her.

"He ain't got back from the boat trip yet."

"I call her son John Howard my beau." Olive and Mrs. Foster were unacquainted except through Eunice. "She got these nice sons."

"I got eleven grandchildren." Olive, a handsome woman now in her late forties, had married at fourteen. She had run away from home and her father had taken a shotgun down the road and found her. The leaves were barely turning, red and yellow, in the autumn evening. "And you know I remember them leaves to this day," said Olive now, telling Mrs. Foster about it while they passed the chicken and tarts. "I remember them more than that shotgun."

EUNICE said, "Yeah, old peau de soie Olive great on the leaves and the grandchildren, but she ain't throwed no potato. She standing right there in the row, too. I heard her say, Yes, Mr. LeMay, why sure Mr. LeMay, I ain't picked up no more than what you say." Eunice gave a high, exaggerated interpretation of Olive's voice and when the two women at the table squealed with laughter, went on. "Cut my pay down to nothing, Mr. LeMay, please sir. That just suit me fine. All the time I listening to her," said Eunice, "I picking out the biggest potato in the bunch. I put one down and I say, No, it ain't big enough. Then I pick up another one and I flang it. Squ-ush, it hit his old head."

Olive said thoughtfully, "She done it, too." Then she told Mrs. Foster, "All my children is home in North Carolina now."

"This old girl sleeping up a breeze at the Ritz and all her children is down home," said Eunice. "Only they ain't throwed no potatoes. How come with all them sitters and riders they ain't no potato throwers these days?"

"Times is changed," said Olive. "They taking a different angle."

"They taking it easy," said Eunice and poured another drink. She felt ill now and restless, and half drunk. "You two grandmas so smart with all them children," she said. "Let's see you get out there and shake a leg."

Game, the two women whirled about the room. Eunice watched them. I still think the beige would have been better under that pink corsage, she thought, and dug deeper into the chicken. She had brought an extra amount, hoping John Howard would be there. The dancers had now circled the floor and stopped in front of the table and began doing the cha-cha and the twist. Olive

slung out her leg and shook it around in the air. "That's the way we do it at the Ritz," she said.

"Show how you and John Howard and the boys do, Mrs. Foster," called Eunice.

Mrs. Foster cut loose, but not as much as Olive, because she had her boys to consider, and how it would look to Mohammed X and all the younger ones she would take later when John Howard struck out on his own. She always had to work with the idea that an investigator might be present. Also she was still remembering Francine, how little Francine had looked up at her with them little sick eyes the day they had taken her away. Don't send me away, Mama, them little sick eyes had said. I'll try to be smarter.

Olive took the stage again. "Here the way I going it that night old Papa come shining down the road with that shotgun." On the dance floor people stopped to watch and at the tables glasses were raised in salute. Eunice called out, making it better, "Show how you done, crawling scared down that row the day I flang the potato," and Olive crouched low, dancing down the row, dusting off the potatoes with the peau de soie. "Don't dust off that big one," called Eunice. "That's the one I gonna throw." "Yeah, don't dust the big one," said somebody in the crowd. "That's the flang potato." And dancing on, dipping low, Olive dodged the big one. When the music stopped the crowd applauded and the three women, laughing, collapsed in their chairs. Thirsty, Olive finished off the bottle. At two o'clock they took a cab home. "Yessir," said Olive, "I'll always remember them red leaves turning, and old Papa standing there in the road with the shotgun. He look kind of silly." It was on her mind tonight. "You know Papa and me ain't ever mentioned that incident again in all our lives. I don't know to this day was that gun loaded."

"I know somebody sure loaded," said Eunice and opened the door to her apartment. Petey jumped in her arms. "I had aim to bring my son home a taste of that whiskey," she said.

"It ain't good for dogs," said Olive. "Give 'em a bad breath." Heading for the bedroom, she pulled the peau de soie over her head. "I got to get up early and get back to my madame." She threw the dress over a chair. "Good-night, Papa," she said, and flattened out the bed. "I sure did enjoy that walk down the lane that night, old boy."

Eunice lay by Petey on the studio couch and cried.

IN THE MORNING the pains were tearing at her stomach, even with the pills, but she waited till Olive left. Then she knew she could put it off no longer and packed Petey's little box of toys and clothes so whoever took him would have his things nice. Petey watched her till she put in the ice-cream bank, then they both got in the bed. When the doorbell rang she would not go at first, thinking it was super, but when the ringing persisted she stumbled to the door and opened it.

"John Howard," she said, staring at him.

"The shirt is torn," he said and showed her.

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"Help me in here to the machine and I mend it."

There had been trouble on the boat trip, said John Howard as she sat down at the machine. Somebody, greedy or crooked or both, had sold too many tickets. The crowd stood a long time on the pier, waiting, thinking about the trip ahead. Then the boat had come and part of the crowd could not get on. These people had staged a riot. One man, not mean, just mad, had said, "You ain't getting on no boat in that fancy shirt, boy." Somehow the shirt had inflamed him, and he had taken a big hand and pulled a rip across it. John Howard had protested, then he had seen the man's face and known he had had to do it. He had brought his whole family, with the chicken and stuffed eggs, and it made him look bad, not getting on. He felt degraded.

But John Howard had said, "Look, mister, I got part of my family here, too. Me and my sister are getting on this boat."

Eunice looked up from the machine. "You mean you took Francine on the boat ride?" The pains had increased and she could hardly breathe out the words. "I thought you off having a good time with some good-looking girl."

"Look, I say to him, don't you touch my sister's corsage."

Now the pains were too strong for her to sit and she had to rise from the machine.

"Help me up, son," she said. "And call the ambulance at that number there."

From the bed she and Petey watched him at the phone. He handled the call politely, but in charge, and she imagined the man with the stuffed eggs had stepped back, letting him pass.

"They say they come as soon as they can."

"Get yourself a beer out of the refrigerator till they get here." He hesitated and she said, "I think I take one, too."

John Howard came back from the kitchen and sat down by the bed. He held back on the beer and she took a swallow to get him started. "I sure like your apartment," he said after a moment. "Sometimes it gets a little crowded at our house." His glance fell on the dress frame and he cupped his lips with his hands. "Lo-ow bridge ahead!" he said, making her laugh like before. "Look out for lo-ow bridge ahead." Then he had an idea. "Here come the potato throwers," he said, and looked over at her and Petey. "Make wa-ay for the potato thrower family!"

After that they were silent, waiting.

How Many Days?

How many days are mine? How long again
shall sky contain me, my mind receive its light
in the presence of my loves?

Yesterday, before the brazen fury of the trumpet
withered the roots of the mountains
and the moon was accused and the sun arraigned for treason

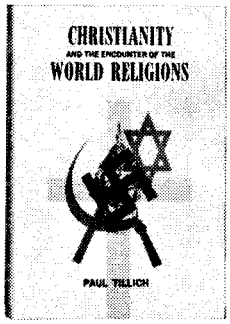
and the stars bombed down from the boughs
of the shaken fig tree of space,
I thought the world fair, and pleasant to dwell in.

But today I find it holy and precious
as a treasure that is forfeit
a privilege about to be withdrawn

and I bless its wounds that I cannot stanch or heal
and I praise it now and forever
in the presence of my loves.

—DILYS LAING

Christianity and The Encounter of The World Religions



by Paul Tillich

The relation of Christianity to the world religions and quasi-religions, such as Communism, and to its own nature is the central theme of this important new book. Dr. Tillich's purpose is to confront the reader with various points of view, with the hope that the "presentation of these ideas ...will arouse critical thought not only with respect to the relation of Christianity to the world religions but also with respect to its own nature." The book is divided into four parts:

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A century and a half of dramatic encounters between AMERICA AND RUSSIA

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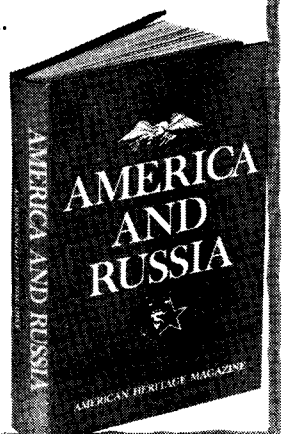

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RECORD NOTES

DUKE ELLINGTON & JOHN COLTRANE. (*Impulse mono* A-30, *$4.98; stereo* AS-30, *$5.98.*)

The depth of Duke Ellington's continuing influence on the most exploratory modern jazzmen is only gradually being realized by lay observers of the music. Thelonious Monk, Charles Mingus, Miles Davis, and Cecil Taylor, among others, are greatly in debt to Ellington. Very seldom, however, has the sixty-three-year-old master recorded with any of the more formidable avant-garde. This first meeting between him and the tenor-soprano saxophonist John Coltrane was awaited with more than ordinary expectation. Each brought his own rhythm section, somewhat in the manner of prime ministers and their respective foreign secretaries. Fortunately, however, rapport was quickly established, and the result is an unusual conversation between jazz generations. Coltrane, usually thought of as a churningly complex soloist, reaffirms his capacity for spare, lyrical playing. He blends into the wistful mood of Ellington's ballads while retaining his own special sound and phrasing. Conversely, in the denser fast numbers, Ellington's probing piano is always in context with Coltrane's convoluted patterns. Both men approached this encounter as a chance for communication rather than as a competitive joust. Hopefully, the success of this project will lead to bringing some of the older, neglected jazzmen back to the attention of the contemporary jazz audience.

WOODY HERMAN—1963. (*Philips mono* PHM 200-065, *$3.98; stereo* PHS 600-065, *$4.98.*)

Few big jazz bands have survived the decline of ballroom dancing and the rising popularity of small "serious" jazz combos. Duke Ellington and Count Basie head the best that are left, and always close behind is Woody Herman. His successive bands break up in time for lack of sustained work, but another is soon back on the road. Herman has achieved the major share of his rep-

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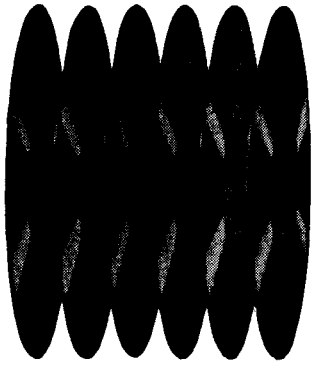

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utation as a brilliant organizer of big bands, although he is also a wryly casual vocalist and a competent clarinetist. Now in his twenty-seventh year as a leader, Herman has once again recruited a crew of young sidemen who are seldom subtle but who swing with unflagging gusto and bold but well-blended section sounds. This quality of vernal enthusiasm has become a rare phenomenon in what is left among big bands. The Basie and Ellington sidemen are older and portlier, and find their challenges in more sophisticated and less physically taxing musical directions. Herman's youngsters are still in that stage of jazz playing when ardor is almost all. Since they have also been disciplined by Herman, they communicate their blazing euphoria with skill.

EDDIE LANG & JOE VENUTI: SINGING THE BLUES. (*Columbia* C2L 24, *$7.98.*)

One of the most beguilingly original partnerships in jazz history was that of guitarist Eddie Lang and violinist Joe Venuti. Lang, who eventually became Bing Crosby's accompanist, died in 1933, but Venuti is still active. As a soloist, Lang was advanced for his time, constructing supple, single-note lines while most of his guitar-playing contemporaries were still concentrating on chording. His melodic line was inventive and his serene temperament neatly counterpointed the zest of Venuti. The latter was and is one of the half dozen or so authentically "hot" violinists in jazz. In this two-volume selection of recordings from 1927 to 1932, Lang and Venuti are heard with varying personnel. Among the jazz figures who occasionally appear are Tommy and Jimmy Dorsey, King Oliver, Adrian Rollini, and blues guitarist Lonnie Johnson. Lang recorded duets with Johnson under the name of Blind Willie Dunn for the "race" market, and proved himself a persuasive blues performer. Unlike some historical jazz collections, the music here is still refreshingly imaginative on its own terms.

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY JOHN ESTES. (*Delmar* DL-603, *$4.98.*)

One by one, the archaic blues bards are being rediscovered and recorded as a result of the current renascence of interest in American folk roots. One admirably uncompromising West Coast company, Arhoolie (Box 5073, Berkeley 5, California), records little else but blues singers hauled back from limbo. Several of the resurrected have also appeared on the Chicago-based Delmar label (7 West Grand, Chicago 10). The return of Sleepy John Estes on Delmar is particularly welcome. Estes, who had not recorded since 1941, is a country blues singer who conveys a disturbing amount of distilled suffering. His reflections on his own blindness ("I'd Been Well Warned"), on the rustle of poverty ("Rats in My Kitchen"), and on other chronic woes are delivered in a scratchy but compelling voice that can accumulate a fearsome intensity. There are lighter reminiscences as well, but Estes' main thrust is as an unsparing chronicler of the share-cropping Southern Negro. Outstanding among his accompanists is Hammie Nixon, a harmonica player from Brownsville, Tennessee, who has been offering biting commentaries on Estes' lyrics for thirty years.

PEGGY LEE: I'M A WOMAN. (*Capitol mono* T 1857, *$3.98; stereo* ST 1957, *$4.98.*)

By the strictest criteria of the profession, Peggy Lee is not a jazz singer. Her phrasing and sound, however, are strongly jazz-flavored. Miss Lee's combination of this hip musicianship with persistent good taste makes her a model of what pop singing can be but so seldom is. Her light but remarkably pliable voice can evoke twilight intimacy, mocking dismissal, and a quality of unsaccharine wistfulness that is unique among American popular singers. In this, one of her more diversified recitals in recent years, Miss Lee is particularly arresting in a swaggering rhythm and blues tune, "I'm a Woman," which catalogues some of the reasons for what Ashley Montagu has termed "the natural superiority" of her sex. Miss Lee also performs the astonishing feat of making "Mac the Knife" sound fresh again. It is wit, above all, that gives Miss Lee such distinction in a field where intelligence is usually distilled into anxious acquisitiveness.

—NAT HENTOFF

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BOOKS

New Writers And the Russian Tradition

RUFUS W. MATHEWSON, Jr.

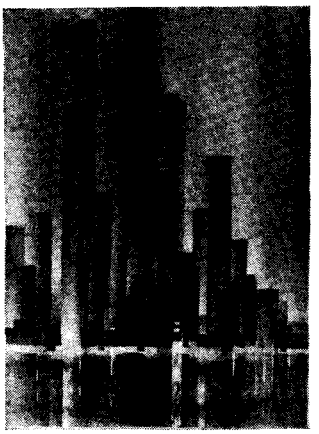
DISSONANT VOICES IN SOVIET LITERATURE, edited by Patricia Blake and Max Hayward. *Pantheon. $5.95.*

The editors of this exciting anthology have sought to show that the literary nerve was never killed in Soviet Russia. They have put together a collection of stories, memoirs, essays, poems, and sections of novels, the earliest a Pasternak prose fragment published in 1918, the latest Yevgeny Yevtushenko's "Babi Yar," a verse protest against home-grown anti-Semitism published in 1961. They have taken as dissonant any voice that violates the harmonies of official art. Dissonance here ranges from the mere literary experiment—the exercise of the ordinary prerogatives of serious writers to explore experience and to organize their findings in fresh language and new forms—to outright political heresy.

What have those voices achieved besides giving the world the example of their courage? Taken as a whole, what do they preserve and pass on to new generations? Are the elements present for a genuine literary restoration?

The bulk of the material and the best of it comes from the 1920's (or deals with the 1920's) and from the period after Stalin's death. The blight of his régime is registered in this collection by the almost total absence of dissonant writing published between 1930 and 1953 (one fairy tale and a fragment from Mikhail Zoshchenko's autobiography *Before Sunrise,* for which he was ostracized in 1946). This was the period when the literary tradition was driven underground by denunciation, slander, arrest, exile, and execution. The answers to the questions posed by this book will be found in the dialogue between the moderns and the generation of the 1920's. In so limited a compass the editors could not indicate the exact points where the authentic tradition of the 1920's has touched and revitalized the young writers who were born then. But the similarities, at least, and the evidence of the instruction passed on from grandfather to grandson are plainly to be seen.

No one could safely respond in the 1950's to the fiery plea in Evgeny Zamyatin's essay "On Literature, Revolution, and Entropy" (1924) for a continuously dangerous literature to break all dogmatic crusts no matter what the cost. The writer of the post-Stalin period extends the boundaries of literature (and reclaims the past) more circumspectly, first in a negative sense by refusing to reproduce the moral banality, the lifeless language, the rigid political categories of the official formula; second, by reaching for new areas of experience, new kinds of characters, new kinds of human problems to dramatize. Three of the four post-Stalin stories in this collection demonstrate this search and, what is more, show a striking similarity in the direction taken. The new prototypical character, it would seem, is a marginal man, living far from the centers of power, beyond the reach of the official loudspeaker —a swindler, a drunken buoy tender, an ex-convict. These three are imperfect men—two are criminals—inhabiting remote pockets of existence. They enact their disreputable dramas and are variously but undogmatically judged by their creators. The fourth post-Stalin story, "This Is Moscow Speaking," by "Nikolai Arzak," is a Kafkaesque tale that has been smuggled out of Russia and published abroad. Here the rules are different: the point of the story is plainly subversive, the hero-observer takes on a moral stature through



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his resistance to the monstrous acts of party and state. But the concern with the outcast is time-honored in Russian writing, deep in the nineteenth-century tradition.

All of these four writers can organize a story with more than ordinary skill, but no modern Soviet writer can fuse style and vision so impressively as the man they admire most, Isaac Babel. He is well represented in *Dissonant Voices* by a story, "The Journey," and as the subject of a vivid memoir published by Konstantin Paustovsky in 1960. The story—new, I think, in English—does not have the controlled explosion of his best work; one senses that the artistic texture is being stretched to fit anecdotal truth. But if the whole is flawed, many of the parts are perfect, and the standard of style he has set for the young writers is plainly visible. Paustovsky's portrait of Babel vividly reminds the new generation of what it means to be a true artist:

"Babel put his hand on the typescript and looked at me gleefully. . . . 'Yes,' he said, and blushed in embarrassment, 'this is my short story "Lyubka the Cossack." It's only fifteen pages long, but here I have twenty-two versions, including the last one, which makes two hundred pages in all.'" The secret police struck unerringly when they arrested Babel in 1938, if Stalin's aim was to destroy the artistic conscience and smash the tradition. The restoration of Babel's image by Paustovsky, Ilya Ehrenburg, and others since 1953 is specifically intended to rectify this wrong. Their memoirs are a deliberate effort to restore the connection with the past. Ehrenburg's prodigious outpourings, represented here by his memoirs of Vladimir Mayakovsky and of the Bohemia of poets and painters in the first years of the Soviet régime, aim at nothing less than total recall of all that happened in the world of culture between the wars, in Europe and in Russia during the Stalin blight and in the years before it. The vast catalogue of names, books, paintings, movements, films—even cafés—is a kind of Baedeker to guide the modern Russian in a world he has not been permitted to know. Ehrenburg's impressionistic portrait of Mayakovsky touches on many aspects of the poet's life without connecting them. But his reflections on Mayakovsky's career are at the same time observations on the nature of great art. Ehrenburg's thoughts on discovery and innovation in form are not of great interest to the westerner, but they are radically new in the Soviet Union, and through them one can detect the gaps in the modern Russian's experience.

Zoshchenko's autobiographical memoir *Before Sunrise,* represented here by an excerpt, is entirely personal, a quasi-Freudian and extremely touching effort to find the single traumatic experience in the 1920's that has brought him to such overwhelming misery in the 1940's. Acid vignettes, written as well as the best of his stories, tell of betrayal, insanity, and stupidity. The Russian reader who can lay hands on this book—it was omitted from his collected works published in Leningrad in 1960—will have an intimate sense of the personal hell that lies behind the writings of the greatest Soviet humorist.

Of poetry, there is almost nothing in this anthology. Difficulties of selection and translation are enough to excuse the editors on this score. Sergei Esenin's "Soviet Russia" is the only direct statement of the political alienation of the poet included here. Pasternak, of course, embodies the poetic tradition, but his moving tribute to the poet Marina Tsvetaeva is not enough to show this. Yevtushenko's poem on the Jews, in the manner of Mayakovsky, is, however high-minded, more journalism than poetry.

In the prose, however, the editors have repeatedly found the sharp note of discord. With two exceptions —Babel and Boris Pilnyak, whose baroque ornamentalism is conveyed here in a long and vivid excerpt from *Mahogany* (1929)—there is little sense of a struggle for genuinely new forms or of a rich variety of styles. Nor is there much reflection of western innovations in narrative technique. The dissonance is to be found, rather, in the steady presence of certain general qualities: wit, irony, wonder, ambiguity, and, above all, the habit of simple truth-telling. And the memoirs have kept alive the sense of the artist's need for

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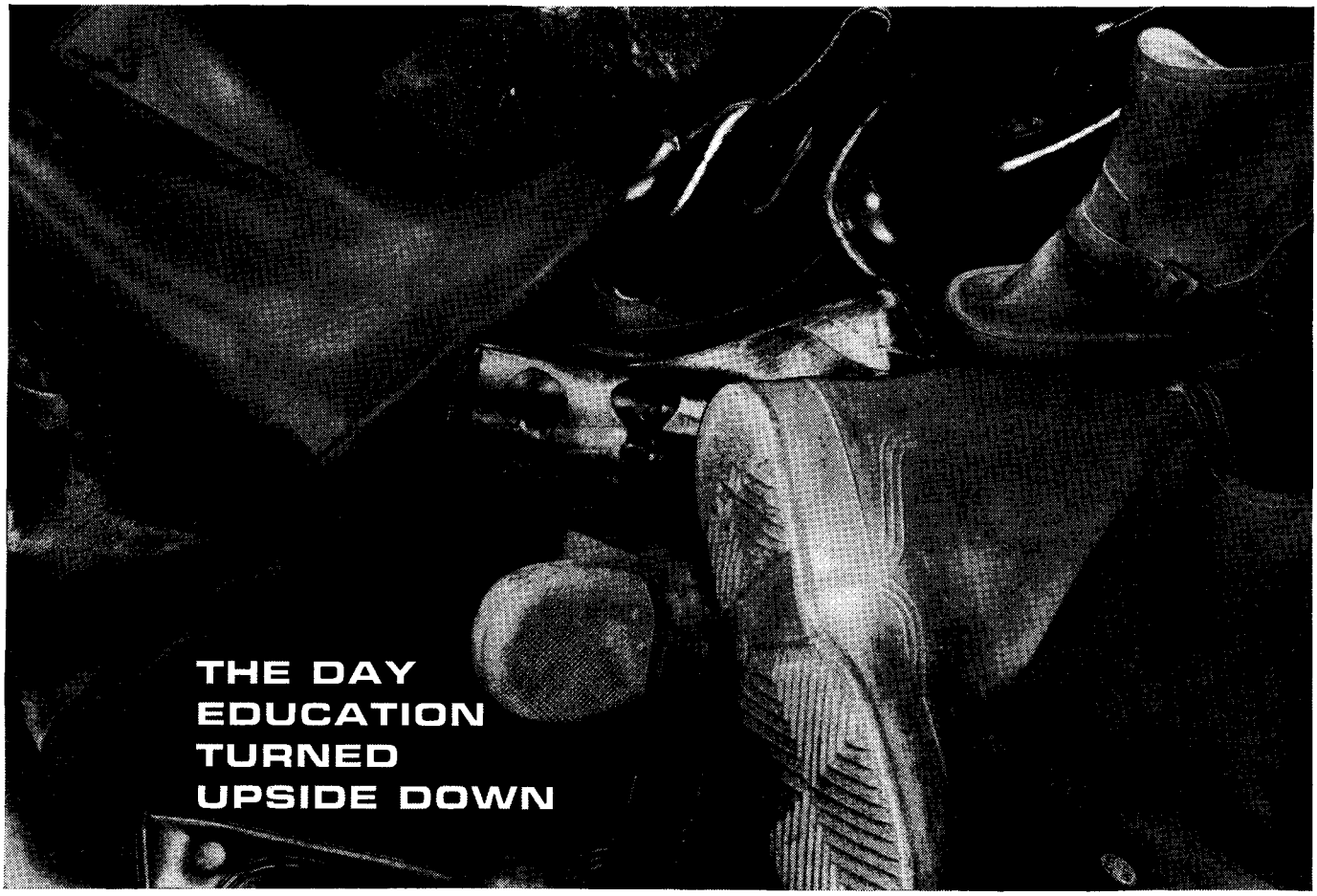
GREAT MOMENTS AT CHICAGO



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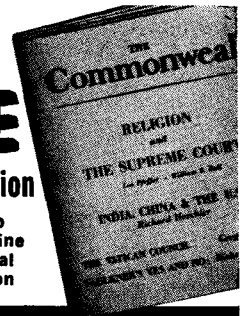

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privacy, for the freedom to experiment and to fail, for the right to despair, to question, and to rebel.

This rich collection reminds us that there *is* a dissonant tradition, one that has survived forty years of Soviet regimentation. Only a Gogol could do justice to the philistinism of the plenums, conferences, reports, congresses, and sessions of "collective criticism" organized to silence these voices, and there are no Gogols among the new writers. Dissonance alone does not make a great literature, but there can be no great literature which is not ready to question all aspects of its society's official description of itself. In this respect these modern writers seem to know what Russia's best writers have always known. «»

Beyond Politics

W. H. AUDEN

IT IS DISTRESSING that the publication in the United States of a book whose most striking quality is its nobility should be attended by an unseemly wrangle between two rival publishers. *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich,* by Alexander Solzhenitsyn, is obtainable in two translations, one by Ralph Parker published by Dutton (and Gollancz in England) and one by Max Hayward and Ronald Hingley published by Praeger. Both sell at $3.95. The Dutton dust jacket says "Only Authorized Edition," which means, I presume, that it is the version referred to on the Praeger dust jacket as ". . . the translation serialized in the Moscow *News,* an official English-language organ of the Soviet Foreign Ministry." This comment suggests, and I fear is meant to suggest, that the Parker version has bowdlerized or soft-pedaled the Russian text for political reasons. This is not true.

Nevertheless, after comparing the two versions in some detail, I have no hesitation in saying that by literary standards the Hayward-Hingley version is by far the better, and though I know no Russian, I suspect that it is more accurate. I shall be quoting from this text. As any realistic description of prison life must be, the book is full of slang terms and obscenities that present any translator with an insoluble problem, for the slang and four-letter words of one language and culture never have exact equivalents in another; even when they seem the same, the overtones are different.

THE LABOR CAMP described in this novel is a "Special Camp," that is to say, an especially severe one. Inevitably, the reader makes a comparison with descriptions he has read of the German concentration camps. Among those who run the Russian camp, there are a certain number of sadists—the disciplinary officer, Lieutenant Volkovoy, a mess orderly called Clubfoot, and a former criminal who has been made a trusty, but such people are always to be found in any prison; torture is not systematic, an official policy, as it was in the German camps. This does not mean, however, that the Russian prisoners escape physical torment, for all alike must endure the cruelty of the Siberian climate. A disobedient or recalcitrant prisoner is not flogged as he was in Dostoevsky's time; he is merely put in a punishment cell:

"The fellows from 104 had built the place themselves and they knew how it looked—stone walls, a concrete floor, and no window. There was a stove, but that was only enough to melt the ice off the wall and make puddles on the floor. You slept on bare boards and your teeth chattered all night. You got six ounces of bread a day and they only gave you hot gruel every third day . . . If you had ten days in the cells here and sat them out to the end, it meant you'd be a wreck for the rest of your life . . . And the fellows who did fifteen days were dead and buried."

Under Hitler's régime, at least during the latter years, an arrested man simply vanished without trace; nobody except the secret police was allowed to know where he was or whether he was alive or dead. Under Stalin it was a little better, it seems; even in a Special Camp, the prisoners were allowed to write two letters a year and to receive two food packages a month, provided, of course, their relatives had the money and the courage to send them. Two let-

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ters a year doesn't seem a lot, but it is sufficient after a few years:

"In Ust-Izhma you could write once a month if you wanted. But what can you say in a letter? He hadn't written any more often there . . . Writing now was like throwing stones into a bottomless pit. They fell down and disappeared, and no sound came back. What was the point of telling them what gang you worked in and what your boss was like? Now you had more in common with that Latvian Kilgas than with your own family."

Slave labor on a starvation diet has never been an efficient form of production, but the Russians hit on a very ingenious device for making it as efficient as possible, namely piecework by gangs, paid in rations:

"It wasn't like gangs 'outside,' where every fellow got paid separately. In the camps they had these gangs to make the prisoners keep each other on their toes . . . either you all got something extra or you all starved. ('You're not pulling your weight, you swine, and I've got to go hungry because of you. So work, you bastard!')"

When there was a blizzard, it was impossible, of course, to work, and the prisoners welcomed one with joy. This joy, however, was somewhat tempered by their knowledge that "it didn't matter how long the blizzard lasted—a couple of days or a week—they counted the days they lost as days off, and the men were marched out to work for the same number of Sundays in a row."

For the ordinary camp guards, life in Siberia was no picnic either, and if they were strict and sometimes savage, it was mainly fear that made them so:

"The men meant more to a guard than gold. If there was one man missing on the other side of the wire, he'd soon be taking his place. . . ."

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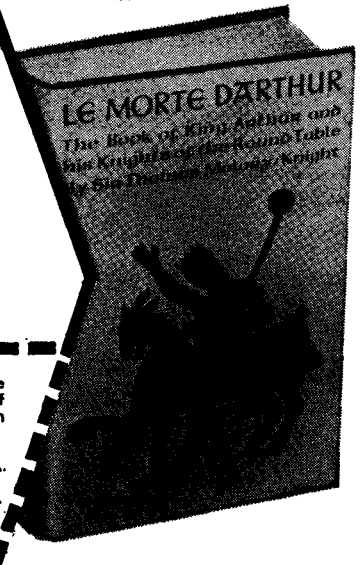

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novels dealing with normal social life, it always seems contrived and "arty," but here it seems absolutely right because the basic experience of all the prisoners is the fragmentation of time. The minimum sentence is ten years, but that means nothing:

"Take the fellows who should've been let out in the war. They were all kept in till forty-six . . . And then those with three years who'd gotten five more slapped on. They twisted the law any way they wanted. You finished a ten-year stretch and they gave you another one."

Even if camp life had been comfortable, there would have been no real, that is to say different, future to imagine. And under the actual conditions of continuous hunger and fatigue, when an extra bowl of soup or a cigarette butt means more to a prisoner than his freedom, the sixteen hours between waking and sleeping is the maximum time span he can conceive of: his real hopes and fears are from hour to hour.

Solzhenitsyn has a university degree in physics and mathematics and at the time of his arrest was an officer in command of an artillery battery; he is an intellectual and, before his misfortune overtook him, he had enjoyed a relatively privileged position in Soviet society. He has chosen, however, to depict life in a labor camp not through his own eyes but through those of a village carpenter, a man with no book learning but an expert craftsman. This was, I think, a wise decision both morally and artistically. In any society the intelligent, well-educated, and privileged person is in a minority, and should he suddenly be reduced to the status of a slave, his reaction to this experience will be atypical. As one accustomed to physical comfort and respect, he will suffer more than the average citizen; on the other hand, as an intellectual, he can reflect upon and up to a point understand why this fate has befallen him, see who is responsible for the injustice, and note what characteristics of the political system under which he lives make it possible. To be able to make some sort of sense of one's sufferings is an alleviation.

But to Ivan Denisovich Shukov, injustice is not a social deed but a natural phenomenon like plague or earthquake, and whether you suffer or escape is a matter of chance. In 1942, when Shukov was a private on the Northwestern Front, he was taken prisoner by the Germans but managed to escape after two days and returned to his unit. He was immediately accused of being a German agent:

"It's true he gave evidence against himself and said he'd surrendered to the enemy with the intention of betraying his country, and came back with instructions from the Germans. But just what he was supposed to do for the Germans neither Shukov nor the interrogator could say. So they just left it at that and put down: 'On instructions from the Germans.'

"The way Shukov figured it was very simple. If he didn't sign, he was as good as buried. But if he did, he'd still go on living for a while. So he signed."

Shukov comes from a poor peasant family; he had not been a kulak and before the war was an obedient member of a kolkhoz. He is a member of the class which had been most oppressed under the Czars and which the Soviet state had promised to liberate. As an individual he is both a hard worker who has never thought that the world owed him a living and a skilled craftsman who would be ashamed of doing a shoddy job; even in the labor camp it is a source of satisfaction to him that he has done a good job of bricklaying that day. By every professed standard of the Soviet state, he is the model citizen, a hero of labor, but so far as his fate is concerned, he might just as well have been a criminal, a political conspirator. If a lowly estate is no safeguard, neither is patriotism.

Captain Buynovsky, the ex-naval commander, had acted as liaison officer to the British Navy: "After the war some British admiral who should've had more sense sent me a little souvenir with an inscription that said: 'In gratitude.' I was really shocked and I cursed like hell, so now I'm inside with all the others."

Brought up in the tradition of all armed forces to believe that the legality of an order and the duty to obey it are inseparable, Buynovsky is at a loss to understand a world

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THE REPORTER Acrostickler® No. 73

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the acrostician.

A. 179 23 189 151 175 35 139 107 9 75
A former kingdom in West Africa, now a part of Nigeria.

B. 49 217 201 27 123 89 13 149 3 45 191 177 199 Pertaining to a subclass of mostly small crustaceans.

C. 17 93 7 160 59 187 15 170 133 Something remarkable of its kind (slang).

D. 156 77 169 223 105 31 109
"But I, when I _____ me
Each night upon my knees
Will ask the Lord to bless me
With apple pie and cheese."
Eugene Field, "Apple Pie and Cheese."

E. 128 57 39 225 137 25 Any of the leafless parasitic plants comprising the genus Cuscuta.

F. 56 153 98 103 66 1 112 91 53 207 47 33 221
"The hare-brained chatter of _____ frivolity." Disraeli, Speech at Guildhall, Nov. 9, 1878.

G. 197 29 135 86 193 64 A large game fish.

H. 121 114 203 19 Pen name of a famous English essayist.

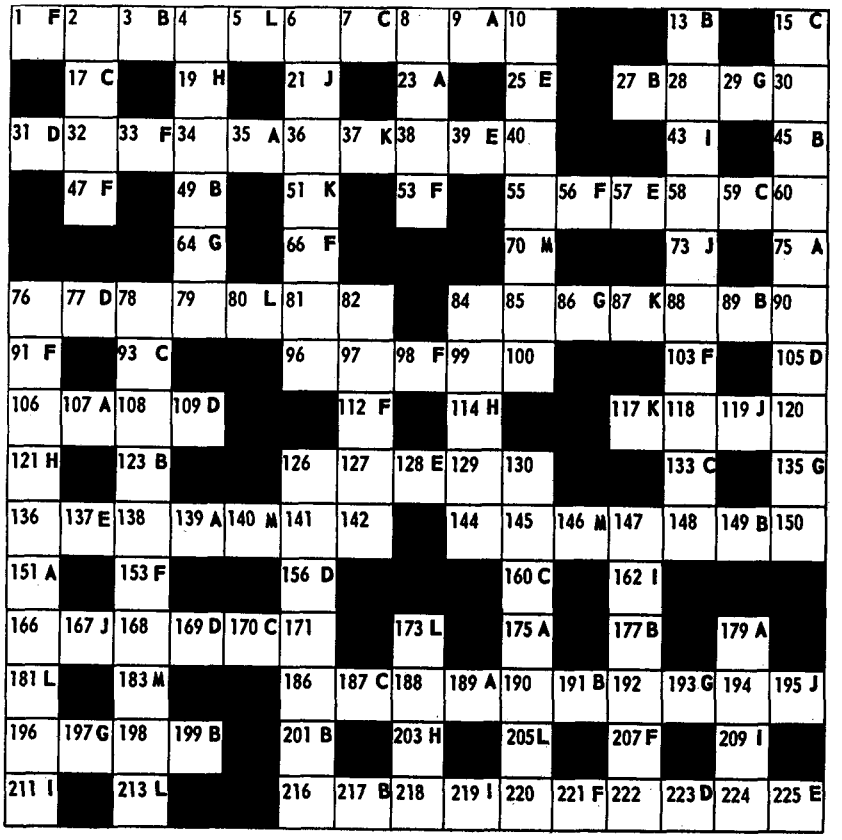
I. 162 43 219 209 211 A county in northern Scotland.

J. 21 73 195 167 119 Pertaining to the part of the forearm opposite the thumb.

K. 117 37 87 51 A tuft of brilliant yellow feathers from the o-o.

L. 5 80 205 181 173 213 Rival of Aeneas for Dido's affections.

M. 183 70 146 140 "And that _____ prius nuisance, who just now is rather rife..." Gilbert, "The Mikado."



Across

1. I'm paternal about government.
27. Poet found on the road from Artois.
31. A lad musing about a medley.
55. Instrument of the Acrostician.
76. Kings may receive thus, presidents lie thus (2,5).
84. Can a short fellow keep his clothes in this?
96. Month noted for cruelty, according to Eliot.
106. Keep these for checks and for aircraft trim.
117. Hear the queen of heaven!
126. Mathematical reptile.
136. Eliza and an Italian king convert property into money.
144. A deist on a ship? He quits.
166. An attacker may breathe red air!
186. This breach seems to be in part.
196. A lump in the throat for Macbeth? So be it.
216. Engender? This is, brought about.

Down

2. A king of Israel sought a great whale.
4. I am in a church season. Cry about it.
6. A month? A city, rather.
8. Ages are nothing in these directions.
10. A trial about four or six is of little importance.
13. But these beverages may be served in large quantities (5,5).
15. Ray's danger in wonderful times (5,5).
76. It's a bare turn-in for grandpop's commuting vehicle.
78. Tell it to the marines under Latin terms for sandwiches.
82. A lyric poem of "Oedipe," when one departs.
84. The ruin of eld--it may be plated.
126. Did you raze it? In the ruins, find a semi-precious stone.
130. Marxist farm building? (3,4).
147. Is the team cravatted when the game ends thus? (2,1,3),.
173. Quantity of fruit expressive of contempt (1,3).
179. Time long past of gay oreads and nymphs.

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where authority is as arbitrary as it is absolute:

" 'You've no right to strip people in the cold! You don't know Article Nine of the Criminal Code!'

"They had the right and they knew the article. You've still got a lot to learn brother.

" 'You're not Soviet people. . . . You're not Communists!' "

For this last remark he gets ten days in the punishment cells.

REMEMBERING the disgraceful way in which American journalists tried to use *Doctor Zhivago* as propaganda, as if the criticism of the Soviet state which the novel contains meant that Pasternak would have approved of TV commercials and disapproved of socialized medicine, I am frightened of what they may do this time with *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*. When people hold religious or political beliefs we do not share, there is a tendency in all of us to hope they will prove that their beliefs are erroneous by committing some wicked deed; the sufferings of their victims mean less to us than our satisfaction at being proved right. On Russian readers, as Alexander Tvardovsky says in his foreword, "The effect of this novel, which is so unusual for its honesty and harrowing truth, is to unburden our minds of things thus far unspoken, but which had to be said."

As Americans we must read it quite differently. We must forget that the characters, oppressors and oppressed, are Russians and read it simply as one more instance of human injustice for which humanity must answer to God and man. «»

The Direct Approach

SAREL EIMERL

MARGIN RELEASED, by J. B. Priestley. *Harper & Row. $4.95.*

Common sense is an admirable quality and, to millions of Englishmen, J. B. Priestley personifies it. Speaking in a homey Yorkshire accent and puffing on his pipe, he is clearly a man who will not tolerate humbug. Here, one says to oneself, is a fellow who has never been bamboozled by the phony or corrupted by swank. Moreover, he is a genuine professional: novelist, playwright, literary historian, and critic. When such a man puts down his thoughts on writing and the literary life, one attends with respect.

This collection of reflections and reminiscences is just as lucid, unaffected, and commonsensical as one would expect. It is divided into three sections. The first describes the four years before 1914 when Priestley was learning to write in the evenings after a hard day's work as junior clerk in a wool company. The second deals with his experiences as an infantryman in the First World War. And in the third—the longest and meatiest section—he offers a bunch of opinions on the writer's life, the modern novel, films, and the theatre.

The choice of subject matter is not as haphazard as might at first appear. For though Priestley's writings were done since the First World War, his attitudes were formed before it. "Now those were the years—say, 1911 to 1914—that set their stamp upon me," he says, and the three sections fit loosely together to present a picture of a pre-1914 man confronting a post-1918 world.

On the whole, Priestley dislikes that world. Despite his enormous popular success, a steady rumble of dissatisfaction echoes through these memoirs. He complains because some of his books were underrated and he complains because his Second World War broadcasts were overrated. He disapproves of the commercial theatre (frantic), the BBC (snotty), and the film industry (mildly insane). But he reserves his most acidulous comments for the serious post-1918 English novel and its accomplices, the critics.

PRIESTLEY'S general dissatisfaction with what would appear, from the outside, to have been a remarkably full and rewarding life should be kept in mind when considering his views on post-1918 writing. He approaches the subject by dividing writers (except for "the truly great") into two groups. First, "There are those who write out of their extraordinariness . . . Creation for them is compensatory—for a wretched childhood, bad physique, weak sight, or some sexual deficiency. Line them up and it is as if a clinic had just been evacuated." In contrast, members of the second group, to which he belongs, write out of a "heightened ordinariness" and are distinguished from the common run because "they simply happen to have sharper senses and wits, more energy and vitality, and enjoy using words."

"Look down the centuries of literature," says Priestley, and you discover more writers of the second group than of the first. But it is the first group, introverted and gloomy, that has dominated the scene since 1918. Priestley pays tribute to their originality and intensity; he greatly admires, for example, Proust. But, speaking as a man of vigor, he deplores the group's lack of vitality, breadth, and, particularly, affection.

His objections, all sound enough, stem from the fact that the serious postwar novelists have concerned themselves with different kinds of truths from those which occupied their predecessors. From Fielding on, the classic English novelists tended to accept their characters more or less at face value—as one accepts one's friends—and to concentrate on their actions. With occasional exceptions, such as George Eliot, they belonged with Priestley's extroverts, and their novels were filled with vitality and optimism.

The best post-1918 novelists have tended to reach for their truths by digging into their characters' psyches. There is no reason to suppose that they are, as a group, any more pessimistic than any earlier group of writers. It is much more reasonable to assume that in their search for truth they have found that most people just are not jolly and serene and well balanced but are frequently and irrationally miserable to a degree that Trollope never suspected. These writers may lack vitality, for analysis is less vigorous than action. They may lack breadth; for, unless you are Proust, combining depth and breadth is a mighty task. And what about affection? Everybody talks it up, but the modern novelists, one must assume, have not found much of it to report. Priestley's current batch of reflections un-

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derlines the point. He speaks about affection most favorably in the abstract, as we all do. But in fact his memoirs are crammed with complaint, grumble, and resentment, and if he didn't come right out and proclaim that he is full of vigor and love of life, one would judge that he is just as frustrated and angry as most characters in post-1918 novels.

WHY, then, does Priestley so dislike the sad, affectionless, introverted novel? Because it is bound to infuriate the pre-1914 man who thinks he believes in and is governed by common sense. Between Priestley's lines, one can almost hear the outraged, rationalist voices of Shaw and Wells: "They've got enough food, sexual freedom, and indoor toilets. Why the deuce *aren't* they happy?" But the novelists keep reporting that we're miserable. Then either those prewar conceptions were wrong or the postwar novelists are a bunch of neurotics who are simply writing about themselves. Priestley, chockablock with common sense, is convinced the novelists must belong in a clinic.

Actually, according to Priestley, the world has changed considerably for the worse since 1914—at least in Britain. Although their material conditions have improved, the people are less vital and affectionate and contented than they used to be. He may be right; indeed a comparison between the pre- and postwar novels would seem to bear him out. But there is another possibility. The post-1918 English novelists may know more than their predecessors, may see deeper, and be more determined to tell the whole truth. The English Victorians and Edwardians were hopelessly wrong in their assumptions about the inevitability of human progress. Perhaps the novelists, despite their marvelous literary skills, were equally wrong in their assumptions about their characters (or contemporaries). Perhaps they failed to understand the full extent of those irrational frustrations and miseries which most of us try to keep masked from the casual gaze. Priestley may have slipped into similar errors, for common sense, alas, is a wildly misleading guide. It is, after all, the quality that tells us the world is flat.

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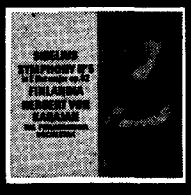

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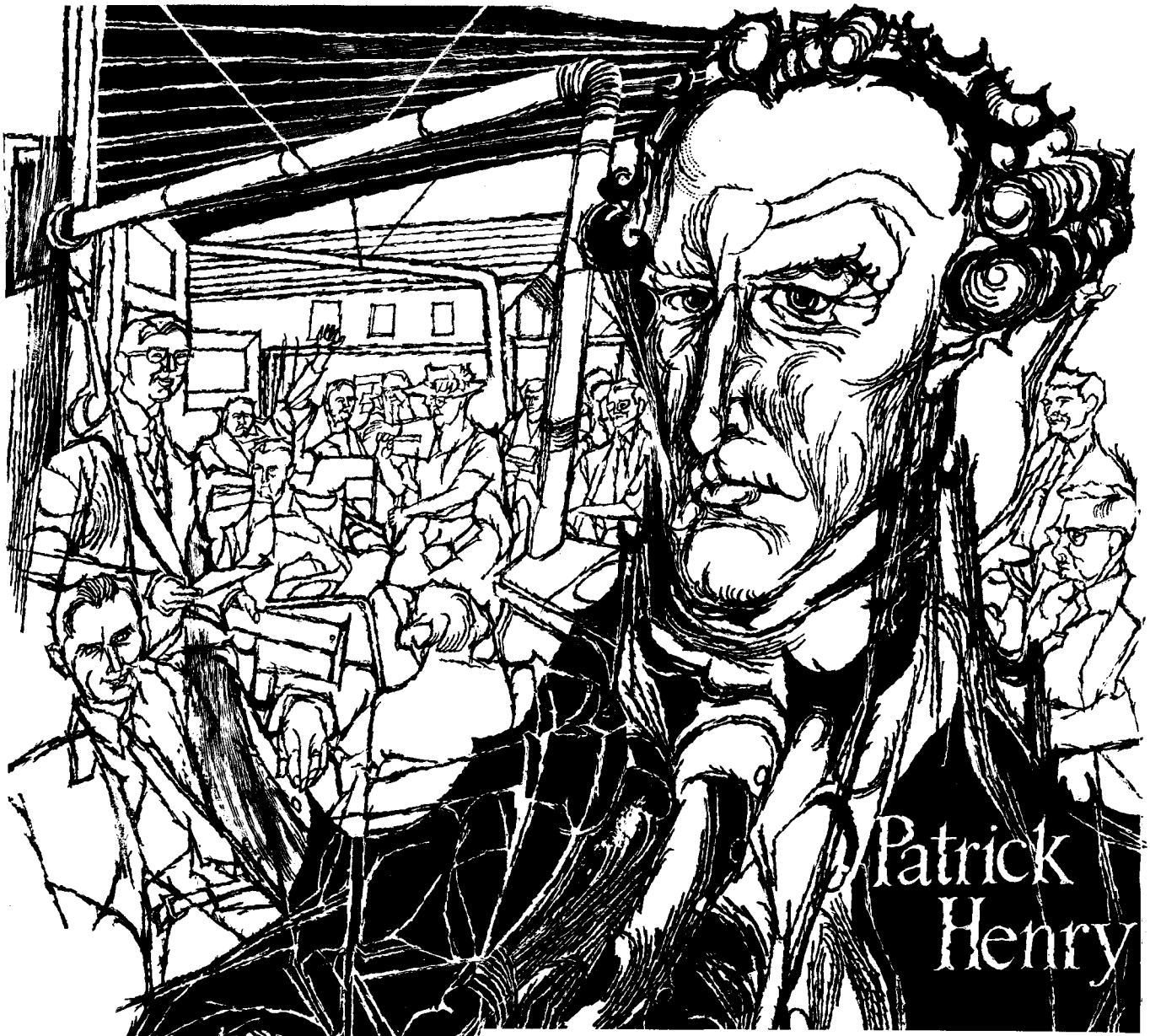

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